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IS WAR CIVILIZATION?

BY
CHRISTOPHE NYROP

PROFESSOR OF ROMANCE PHILOSOPHY
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AUTHORIZED TRANSLATION

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PREFACE

THIS book, which deals with war and matters connected with war, is written by a friend of peace. It therefore wages war against war and might well bear as its motto the words of Bertha von Suttner: "Lay down your arms."

I have called it "Is War Civilization?" not because I intend to discuss the question theoretically, but because I am of opinion that the facts set forth in the various chapters of the book will form a practical contribution to the answering of the question, and serve as a starting-point for a discussion.

The book is based on a definite plan. The general introduction is followed by four chapters dealing with the devastation in Belgium and Northern France, after which, by a natural succession, there come the manifesto of the ninety-three and the replies to the same. War of necessity leads to annexation, which in its turn involves tyranny, and some of the questions connected with this are

dealt with in the next three chapters. The movement of the Irredentists in Italy proves to what an extent the suppression of nationality produces explosive matter and so Italy's attitude to the war has been made the object of special investigation. Finally, in a few brief sections, I have endeavoured to throw some light on the relations between war and religion, and war and languages, whilst in the last chapter I have drawn attention to that *civitas Dei* for the establishment of which all mankind ought harmoniously to unite.

I likewise hope that my book may contain various documents relating to history or the history of civilization, which are not easily accessible or not well known. But as I have already said, my book aims first and foremost at waging war against war, of course not against defensive war, which protects hearth and home, but against aggressive war, which destroys, plunders, extorts, and annexes.

Qui ne proteste pas est complice.

CHRISTOPHE NYROP

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I. MOLTKE AND MAUPASSANT

IN a beautiful hymn to the soul of France Maurice Barrès has glorified the warrior, the warrior's life, and the warrior's spirit. He sings of the men out yonder in the trenches, who are continually threatened with death and mutilation, who without murmur bear all hardships, defy all suffering, and display the highest human virtues and qualities—courage, gallantry, magnanimity, enthusiasm, ingenuity, coolness, self-sacrifice, and resignation.

For Barrès there is in war something infinitely beautiful and sublime, something holy. But not every war is holy. At the same time as he sings the praises of war and calls the soldier a young god, he speaks of the present world-wide conflagration as one of the greatest tragedies that civilization has ever known.

In reality only that war is a sacred act in the eyes of Barrès which has as its task to "defend inch by inch, foot by foot, the soil,"

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the country, which is our dearest possession, the country and the soul, the national spirit which we ourselves have inherited from our forefathers and which our children will inherit from us, undivided, undiminished, and undefiled by enemies."

There are others who, with a different point of view, maintain that war is something which man absolutely cannot dispense with. War, they say, is, when rightly considered, an unqualified benefit, because man without war would degenerate. Peace involves great dangers for a people, war is an excellent thing. The blessings of peace are not equal to those of war. War is an expression of the nation's stored energy and answers to a deep-lying necessity in man. War is the great factor in civilization; it serves to develop all the highest qualities, it hardens and steels mankind, it unites the nation to an unbreakable unity, it is the highest expression of life of a people capable of development, it is a sign of strength and health; it is the regeneration. Therefore it is sacred.

In addition to many others Field-Marshal Helmuth von Moltke himself has said so:

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When he one day received a deputation from a German peace society, he summed up his opinion in the following powerful words: "War is sacred and instituted by God; it is one of the holy laws which rule the world; war maintains in man all the great and noble feelings—sense of honour, unselfishness, magnanimity, courage; in short, it prevents man from sinking into the most repulsive materialism."

This view has been asserted by all militarists, great and small, right down to our own days. We have heard the same words repeated in many keys, now in unveiled brutality and cynicism, now with a stiff admixture of high-flown patriotism. And the military writers have received enthusiastic support from civilians, from scholars of various kinds. Even in the midst of the madness of the present Ragnarök, well-disciplined German professors praise war and speak slightly of peace.

In a speech on *Das deutsche Selbstbewusstsein*,* delivered by Professor E. Schwarz at

*The German self-consciousness, i.e. consciousness of power and qualities.—*Translator*.

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Strasburg on March 15, 1915, we find : "Just as everything which the heart and will of man contain of truth would sink down to vanity and emptiness unless the inexorable truth of death existed, so war is the merciless test of the truth and reality of the power and strength of the State."

Some days previously, Ulrich von Wilmowitz-Moellendorf, in a speech on the world-empire of the Emperor Augustus, had warned his audience against believing that peace was a benefit, and he took his proofs just from the history of the Roman Empire. His words ran : "A long universal peace is by no means *of necessity* a blessing. Whether it *may* be so must be left undecided. Peace may make men crooked and diseased, lazy and apathetic, sluggish and cowardly. As they cannot live without stimulating excitement, they make professional sportsmen give performances to them which afford a thrill without danger—races, circus games, bull-fights, boxing-matches, and gladiatorial exhibitions. They can pay for the blood of other men. Peace does not make men milder but more brutal ; this has become clear through the only long period

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of universal peace which mankind has hitherto experienced."

The terrible events which are taking place around us, and which are probably the greatest catastrophe that has come upon the world since the Deluge, have in many countries caused these opinions to be examined afresh. Those who are possessed by the so-called "national militarism" have without shame embraced them and done homage to war as a beneficent and sacred power, as the mighty creator of new civilization. But under the immediate impression of the inconceivable madness of war, more and more voices have since August, 1914, raised themselves to protest more and more energetically against the absolute right of brute force, against the methodical murder of men.

In this connexion it may be of interest to draw attention to the fact that such a protest was made long ago by the famous French author Guy de Maupassant. He was amongst the first to protest in the name of humanity against Moltke's words.

Guy de Maupassant was a thorough Frenchman, as good a patriot as any one, and in

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every respect an eminent representative of his people. He had experienced the terrible winter of 1870-71 and suffered from it, he was plunged into sorrow at the misfortunes of his country ; but war as such was for him only a brutalizing and destructive power, confronted with which his high and unusually finely developed culture stood uncomprehending. His ideals tended towards an intellectually enlightened humanity and he turned against war with fiery indignation. He flays it in powerful, vivid language, and in a few expressive words he evokes all its horror and terror. He addresses Moltke direct and calls to him : " So to unite in flocks of four hundred thousand men, to march day and night without rest, not to think of anything, not to learn anything, not to read anything, not to be of use to any one, to half perish in dirt, to sleep in slime and mud, to live like animals in continual indifference, to plunder towns, to burn villages, to ruin populations ; and then to meet another huge, clustering mass of human flesh, to rush at it, to make blood flow in streams, to cover the ground with pounded flesh, which is kneaded together with dirty,

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red-stained soil, whole heaps of corpses, to have your legs and arms shot off, to have your brain smashed without its being of service to any one, and to die a miserable death out in a field, while your old parents, your wife and children, are dying of hunger. That is what is called not sinking down into the most repulsive materialism.

“To march into a foreign country, to murder the man who defends his house, because he wears a smock and does not have a soldier’s cap, to burn the house over the heads of unfortunate people who have no longer anything to eat, to break the furniture in pieces or to steal it, to drink the wine you find in the cellar, to violate the woman you meet in the street, to blow millions of francs into the air, whilst poverty and misery and cholera follow in your steps. This is what is called not sinking down into the most repulsive materialism.”

And with his thoughts directed towards the terrible winter of war which France had recently experienced, he continues :

“We have seen war. We have seen men become beasts again and kill for pleasure,

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through fear, or in order to show their prowess. And whilst all right was gone and the laws were dead, we were witnesses to innocent men being shot, who were encountered on the roads and suspected because they were afraid. We have seen dogs shot which stood fastened to the door of their master's house, simply to test a new revolver; we have seen people who, to amuse themselves, have made a target of cows lying out in the fields, for absolutely no reason, merely for the pleasure of firing off a few shots. This is what is called not sinking down into the most repulsive materialism."

In his glowing protest against the Prussian general, whom he describes as a superior artist in the slaughter of men, Guy de Maupassant does not restrict himself to putting war in the pillory; he places it side by side with peace and compares:

"Men of war are the scourges of the world. We contend with nature, with ignorance, with obstacles of every kind, to make our miserable life less hard. Men, the learned and the kind-hearted, wear themselves out by toiling to find out what can help, profit, and console

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their brethren. Full of enthusiasm for their useful work, they make one discovery after the other, they extend the sphere of science, they make a fresh addition to the human mind and present it every day with a sum of fresh knowledge, and every day they increase the prosperity and power of their country. Then comes war, and in a few months the generals destroy twenty years of patient and ingenious work. That is what is called not sinking down into the most repulsive materialism."

Guy de Maupassant is full of mockery and contempt for men of war; he tries by all means to combat the customary belief that they have done anything especially great and admirable :

"What have they done in reality," these men of war, to show their wisdom? Nothing. What have they invented? Cannons and guns and nothing else. Has not the man who invented the wheelbarrow done more for mankind by this simple and practical idea of putting a wheel on two sticks than the man who invented modern fortresses? Did Napoleon I continue the great intellectual move-

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ment which was begun by the philosophers of the eighteenth century?"

Guy de Maupassant once paid a visit to *Le Courbet*, which a generation ago was one of the proudest war vessels of the French navy. As a result of the visit he made the following observations:

"There is nothing which can give a better idea of the work of man, of the careful and colossal work which is carried out by that little being with the ingenious hands, than these enormous fortresses of iron, which float on the ocean and can propel themselves, which carry a whole army of soldiers and a whole arsenal filled with terrible weapons. And the whole colossus is composed of quite small pieces, which are fitted into one another, welded, riveted, and bolted together: a work of ants and giants, which at the same time bears witness to all the genius of this active and yet so weak race, to its impotence and its incorrigible barbarism—this race which wears itself out by efforts to create instruments with which it can destroy itself.

"Were not they who in the old days built of stone, cathedrals delicate as lace, fairy-

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like abodes which contained dreams innocent as children, worth far more than they who nowadays send out on to the seas steel houses which are temples of death ? ”

As we see, Guy de Maupassant asserts with unshakeable logic that it is only the tasks of peace which create happiness. War is the traditional evil which men must deliberately try to free themselves from. In this view Maupassant has a predecessor and a supporter in Victor Hugo. This giant, to whom nothing human was foreign, writes in his lapidary style :

“ In our time we call brute force violence pure and simple, and steps have been taken to get it condemned. War is in the dock. It is civilization itself which, on the basis of the complaints of mankind, has taken proceedings and is now collecting the large number of documents accusing conquerors and leaders of armies. The nations are at last beginning to understand that to make a crime greater cannot make it any the less a crime ; that if it is a crime to kill, then to kill many human beings cannot be regarded as an extenuating circumstance ; that if it is a dishonourable

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act to steal, then to take possession of foreign territory, by violence can scarcely be a great deed. Let us confess aloud these absolute truths, let us brand war."

It is tempting, now that war has for two years been ravaging Europe and a large part of the rest of the world, to place Moltke, as the representative of militarism, side by side with Guy de Maupassant and Victor Hugo as the representatives of humane thought and to compare their statements. Is not the time now ripe to decide which of them is right? For the great majority there will scarcely be any doubt as to which of the two views is the expression of the most sublime, beautiful, and noble in man. And that country may rightly be called the land of progress where such an outlook, in spite of all warlike traditions and inclinations, has obtained a hearing so eloquently, so convincingly, and so clearly; for France protested against war long before the nineteenth century.

Voltaire with biting wit satirizes the madness of war. He shows how an inhabitant of Sirius, the giant Micromégas, carries on a conversation with some of the dwellers on our

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own planet, amongst whom there are several philosophers. They give him various information as to the doings of mankind, and this information fills him with amazement, indignation, and scorn in turns. In the course of the conversation one of the philosophers tells him, with regard to the war against the Turks in 1736 :

“Are you aware that at this moment there are one hundred thousand madmen of our species wearing caps, who are killing one hundred thousand others wearing turbans, or are being massacred by them, and that people have done the same almost all over the earth since time immemorial ? ”

The gigantic inhabitant of Sirius shuddered, and he inquired what the reason could possibly be for such terrible struggles between such small and weak creatures.

The philosopher replied that it was only a question of a few miserable pieces of land, for which none of the combatants cared, which none of them had ever seen any more than the emperor or the sultan, for whose sake they were murdering one another.

The inhabitant of Sirius was horrified and,

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trembling with indignation, cried that such madness was incomprehensible to him, and that he felt inclined to kick to pieces this ant-heap of ridiculous murderers.

To which the philosopher replied: "Do not inconvenience yourself in this respect. They work hard enough at their own destruction. After the lapse of ten years there will not be a hundredth part of these miserable beings left. Even if they had not drawn the sword, hunger, exhaustion, lack of moderation would have carried them nearly all off. Moreover, it is not they who ought to be punished, but, on the other hand, the monsters who remain at home and who from their study, whilst they sit and digest, give orders for the slaughter of a million men and who afterwards solemnly have thanksgiving offered to God for it."

It will be seen that, after all, men do not change much. Voltaire's scorn is just as applicable to twentieth-century conditions as to those of the eighteenth. The constellation is merely somewhat changed, though not to the advantage of civilization. Then Russians and Austrians stood side by side to fight the

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Turks ; now the Austrians have gone over to the side of the Turks. Politics on the large scale have nothing to do with humanity and civilization.

Even before Voltaire, a protest against war had been made by Rabelais ; he derides all arrogant conquerors and their plans of conquest, so mad and hostile to civilization, in the figure and the fate of King Picrochole. It is in the book about Gargantua in which so many of the humane and healthy ideas of the Renaissance found expression.

France has always been a leading nation, now in this sphere, now in another, and now in many spheres. Since the Middle Ages France has been the most eminent pioneer country in Europe, and this part it preserved even after its political power and importance were diminished in the previous century.

France has continued to be the land of liberty, because it is the country where individuality is respected and can develop freely, and for this reason make the largest contribution to civilization. It is not the consideration of the needs of the State and its power, the all-overshadowing consideration of the

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welfare of the growing State, which appears first and foremost, but the consideration of the needs of the individual.

This circumstance has also left strong traces in the powerful protest of Guy de Maupassant against war. He appeals direct to the nation at large. He knows that it consists of free, independent individuals and not of State automata, and he approves of its asserting its rights in spite of a government which is perhaps reactionary. The question is to preserve sacred liberty; it is a question of struggling continually for fresh progress, and progress is conditional on its having the happiness of the individual as its aim. His words run thus :

"Very good, since governments assume in this way the right of life and death over the nations, there is nothing surprising in the nations at times assuming the same right as regards the governments. They defend themselves, and that is their right. No one has an absolute right to rule over others. We can only do it if we thereby can create happiness for those whom we rule over. Every one who stands at the head of a government

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is under the obligation of avoiding war, just as much as the commander of a ship is in duty bound to avoid shipwreck."

All will certainly agree that the country in which such words are heard stands in the sign of liberty and progress. But whilst Guy de Maupassant hoped that mankind was moving towards a future which should be brighter than the present, he was seized with all kinds of doubts as regards the possibility of a speedy deliverance. His idealistic outlook on life was always sharply antagonistic to his innate scepticism, and his practical experience of life made his distrust still more profound. Consequently many bitter misgivings are also mingled with his observations as to the possibility of a deliverance from the nightmare of war. He exclaims:

"And in our days, in spite of all our civilization, in spite of the profound scientific and philosophic culture to which we believe the human race has attained, we still have schools where people are taught to kill, to kill at a very great distance in the most perfect manner, and many human beings at a time—to kill poor innocent men, men who have families."

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dependent on them, and who have never done harm even to a cat !

“ The most surprising thing, however, is that the people do not rise against the Government. Where, then, lies the difference between a monarchy and a republic? The most surprising thing is that the whole of society does not rise up at the very mention of war.

“ We shall therefore continue to live under the burden of old, repulsive customs, of criminal prejudices, of the wild conceptions of our barbarous forefathers. We are therefore animals and we shall continue to be animals, who are governed by our instincts, and whom nothing can change.”

During the world-war many eminent representatives of art, science, and industry in many different countries have expressed themselves in the same sense as Guy de Maupassant and have protested most energetically against regarding war as a bearer of civilization. I quote a few remarks of Georg Brandes, to be found in an article in which he takes up arms against the glorification of war :

“ I know that the Germans are civilized, the Russians good-natured the Austrians

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elegant. War brutalizes all. Once you have made the killing of the so-called enemy, the destruction of human beings, towns, and fields a meritorious deed—nay, even a sacred act—then free course is given to brutality on all sides. Under the varnish of civilization is revealed a savage, who in all essentials belongs to the Stone Age.”

Further on in the article we read: “The cessation of the whole system of war would certainly not prove more fatal to the preservation of the highest values in life than the abolition of the practice of duelling. We all know the rigmarole that the cessation of war would not ennoble men but dull them and give them good living as an ideal. . . . We have heard often enough that only in war are self-denial and self-sacrifice evolved.”

“No one denies that war does not merely produce horrors and misfortunes without number and measure, but reveals heroism and self-sacrifice. But this is certainly not a reason for detesting it less cordially.

“A fire gives the brave firemen an opportunity of showing boldness, heroism, ingenuity, and endurance, but no one on that

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account praises a fire, least of all an incendiary who lays a whole town in ashes.

"Terrible epidemics give conscientious doctors and brave nurses an opportunity of showing courage, thoughtfulness, intelligence, ingenuity, and many other virtues; but no one on that ground sings a hymn in praise of cholera."

In the speech made some time ago by Ellen Key to the Swedish Academy at Stockholm, she made very similar observations. Amongst other things, she said:

"The friends of peace have been accused of not appreciating the great aspects of war. That is incorrect. But because one sees the heroic in war, there is no need to wish it as a regular state of affairs. The family feuds in old Iceland revealed many traits of sublime nobleness, but we do not on this account wish for the return of that time."

Thus the most diverse minds join in the same energetic protest against war, in the same poignant detestation of its nature. And, as we have seen, it is not in our days that such protests first appear. They were made in the age of enlightenment, during the

Renaissance, and indeed even in antiquity. Plutarch wrote a dialogue about music. He prefaces it by the following remarks :

“ The wife of Phocion the Just emphasized, as is well known, the warlike exploits of her consort as being her pride. Contrary to this, I think that I may refer to the activity of my master on behalf of art and science as something which not only I, but all his friends, can be proud of. For experience shows that even the most brilliant exploits performed by men of war only bring deliverance from a momentary danger to a few soldiers, a single town, or perhaps a single people, but they do not make either the soldiers, the citizens, or their compatriots better in any way. On the other hand, it will be found that intellectual development is something which, as the foundation of happiness and the source of wisdom, is of service not merely to a single home, a town, or a nation, but to all mankind. We ought therefore to place the benefits of the whole intellectual life higher than any warlike deed whatsoever, and this interest may be all the more worthy of historical investigation.”

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And thereupon Onesicrâtes begins to discuss the nature of music with his musical friends.

"What we gain by war," said Ellen Key at the close of her speech, "is the awakening consciousness that war must be overcome." Let us hope that it will not be too long before the goal is reached, before the patriotic desire to murder has been wholly eradicated amongst civilized men. Let us hope that it will not be long before all men join together and try with one accord to overcome war. Let us hope that all may soon understand that when war has got the object set forth by Maurice Barrès, it is a crime of inconceivable dimensions.

When Charles Bordes in 1759 was admitted as a member of the Academy of Nancy, he made a speech in which he praised the age of enlightenment and the philosophic spirit. His speech concluded with the following words :

"May the philosophic spirit some day in the future assume a still more useful and noble form and create like conditions for as many people as possible. May it be able to inspire people and princes with the most profound horror for the crime of crimes—war."

II. BELGIUM PAST AND PRESENT

IN 1915 Emil Verhaeren published a book which bears the appalling title *La Belgique sanglante*—"Bleeding Belgium." All who love and admire the great poet, all who sympathize with his unhappy country, will read this book, which fascinates and moves, which arouses enthusiasm and indignation and leaves behind on the mind of the reader an ineffaceable impression. It is written with flaming passion, springing from burning hatred and profound love, tender and filled with melancholy. It describes not only, as the title would indicate, the Belgium which has been bleeding and suffering since the month of August 1914; it also depicts the Belgium which was.

There was certainly no one in the whole world better suited to execute this task than Verhaeren. No Belgian writer had a more profound and intimate knowledge of his country, with its many and varied national peculiarities, than he had. No Belgian poet

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has described the soul of modern Belgium, both that of the Walloon and that of the Fleming, with greater artistic power and imagination.

Verhaeren is a proud nature, conscious of his powers. He is proud to be a Belgian—proud to belong to a nation which, in spite of its small dimensions, in spite of the diverse elements of which it is composed, has repeatedly, and not least of all in our days, made important contributions to European civilization. And with short, powerful strokes he sketches the history of Belgian civilization and praises the painting, architecture, literature, and industry of Belgium. A country whose development is marked by names like Van Eyck, Memling, Rubens, Van Dyck, Brouwer, Teniers, Jordaens, Charles de Coster, Maeterlinck, Van Leberghe, and Lemonnier has claims to the gratitude of all nations.

Verhaeren dreams that he is back in the past, when Belgium in the sphere of trade was one of the most important countries in Europe, when its ports and marts were filled with wares from the whole world, and an endless succession of cargo-boats sailed along its rivers. He dwells especially on Ypres, which

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in the Middle Ages was a flourishing centre of commerce, rich, powerful, and a lover of the beautiful. Its architects adorned it with proud and remarkable buildings, of which the "Halls" are especially famous—"this unique building, which formerly was the centre of the clothing, weaving, and fulling trades, which has been a witness to the internal conflicts and struggles of the citizens, which now has resounded with shouts of joy, and now has trembled with fear and expectation, which in its stones hides the history of centuries."

Or he evokes in his memory a little Flemish village which lies far from the high roads, and where life is that of centuries ago. He sees the small farmhouses with the green doors, the red roofs, and the white gables; he hears the flail beating on the floor of the barn, hears the flax being broken and pounded. He follows the humble and tranquil life of the peasants, their pious reverence in the little churches with the many gay images of the Virgin and statues of the saints.

Or he feels himself transported to the idyllic little town of Dixmude, where the pious Beguine nuns, three or four together,

walk round the quiet convent garden ; where old women, worn out and exhausted by life, sit behind the panes of quiet little houses : they sit the whole winter in the same place and in the same posture, whilst their poor old hands are untiringly busy with the same needlework ; only in the summer do they come out of the old cottages and breathe fresh air on the threshold of the house ; for them habit and monotony have become the highest happiness. Life is as if it had come to a standstill in these old, half-forgotten towns of Flanders. " If the Virgin Mary came back to earth and wished to live here as a nun, she would certainly elect to dwell in such a town, where poverty, tranquillity, and good, pious thoughts are at home."

But every time Verhaeren has found a brief respite in these dreams, he suddenly returns with a painful start to the present, and the Belgium which was yields place in his mind to a ravaged, harried, and subjugated land. He tells of villages destroyed, houses burnt, churches shot to pieces, towers fallen, castles plundered, old men and children killed, women violated, peasants hanged, and his voice

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vibrates with a singular note of infinitely profound pain and flaming hatred and indignation.

He desires to see with his own eyes the work of destruction in the small part of his native land which is not occupied by the Germans. In a motor-car he drives from France across the frontier, now done away with, between the two countries. He passes a village where soldiers sleep in the churchyard and in the church and hang their cartridge-belts on the statues of the saints. It is raining, and in a little shop in the market-place a worthy Belgian tradesman is selling tobacco to the soldiers. As the rain has made the tobacco damp and heavy, each soldier gets a little over. "It is on account of the bad weather," he says, "but it is also because I am fond of the soldiers." Verhaeren takes pleasure in observing and noting such small traits, which make the picture lifelike.

Finally he comes to Pervyse and sees with his own eyes the horrid traces of war. "The village resembles a huge museum filled with prehistoric animals. The roofs of the houses, where all the tiles are missing and whose

rafters have in many places collapsed so that they almost touch the ground, resemble backbones hovering in the air, and what is still standing of walls and gables makes one think of destroyed and scattered skeletons."

One house alone has been spared, and the owner has continued to live there. He is a middle-aged man. He sees the motor-car drive past, but he utters not a word. He holds in his hands a large broom, and in the middle of the ruined village he carefully brushes his pavement, for after all it is Sunday to-morrow. Even in the midst of war and misfortune the Fleming preserves his sense of cleanliness.

The motor-car continues its journey. New ruins, new horrors, reveal themselves to Verhaeren's gaze. He is horrified, he shudders in the depths of his soul, but he does not despair. In spite of everything he cherishes a belief, firm as the rock, in his country, its good cause and its future. From all these towns and villages, which now lie in ashes, a marvellous Renaissance will spring. The library of Louvain and St. Peter's Church, the halls of Ypres, the towers of Dixmude

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and Nieuport, will be raised again and "the stones will be cemented by a mortar just as hard and firm as the hatred we feel towards the Germans."

Verhaeren's book is at the same time a work of defence and of accusation. He defends his country and maintains its great importance in the development of European civilization. Belgium was a peaceful, wealthy, industrious, and art-loving country, which could count on respect and admiration not only from the small, but also from the large nations; it co-operated with them, but in complete independence, for the development of civilization in general. He indicts Germany in the most violent terms for its breach of neutrality, for its policy and its method of waging war. He storms and curses, he is ironical and mocking. In Germany's brutal and cynical ultimatum of August 2, 1914, Belgium was offered compensation in cash in return for the passage of the German troops. Belgium rejected this proposal in proud and courageous words and thereby sealed its fate. Verhaeren is profoundly indignant at the thought that any one could believe

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that Belgium was to be bought. The Germans, who do not understand other nations' ideas of honour, "summoned our Government to the counter of a back shop and said only one word : 'How much ?' They expected that we should at once reply : 'Thirty pieces of silver.'"

At the same time Verhaeren's book is a personal confession. He, who now addresses the bitterest reproaches to Germany, formerly cherished very different feelings towards this powerful neighbouring State. He says in his introduction :

"He who has written this book, in which hatred openly appears, was formerly an ardent friend of peace. He admired many nations and he loved some of them. Amongst these was Germany. Was it not fertile, diligent, enterprising, audacious, and better organized than any other nation ? Did it not give to all who travelled within its boundaries a feeling of that absolute security which accompanies strength ? Did it not look towards the future with the most keen and ardent eyes ?

"Then came the war.

"At once Germany seemed to be a different country. Its strength became unjust,

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treacherous, and cruel. Its proud aim was now merely tyranny, methodically carried on. It became the scourge, against which one must defend oneself, lest the beautiful in life should perish on this earth.

"No disillusionment was ever greater or more sudden for the author of this book. It affected him so violently that he no longer felt himself the same man."

The profound affection of a poet for his country, the infinite grief of a despairing man at the misfortunes which have come upon it and his glowing hatred of those who caused these misfortunes, the horror of a peaceable idealist at the barbarism of war—this is Verhaeren's book. And affection and hatred, grief and despair, have found expression in words which move and entrance. *La Belgique sanglante* leaves behind an ineffaceable impression.

The fate which so undeservedly came upon Belgium gained for it at the same time the deepest sympathy of the whole civilized world. I say sympathy, because there is no other word available, but in reality I mean something quite different—something much more

cordial and ardent; something which at the same time expresses unlimited respect and violent indignation; something humbly admiring and at the same time something vibrating with resentment and glowing with anger. But, as I said, such a word is missing. Language too has proved inadequate under present conditions; it was as if not calculated for the new feelings which the war and its course have aroused. The words used hitherto seem under these changed conditions too everyday, too lacking in expression, or too tame. They do not convey the ideas of horror, which now, after twenty months of madness and desperation, fill the soul of mankind.

III. 'THE LAND THAT WILL NOT DIE'

VARIOUS Belgian names have in recent times won fame throughout the world. It is sufficient to mention the poet-philosopher Maurice Maeterlinck, the lyric poet Verhaeren, the sculptor and painter Constantin Meunier, and the explorer of the Arctic and Antarctic regions, Adrian de Gerlache de Gommery.

Captain de Gerlache, who belongs to an old Belgian noble family, is now a man in the fifties. He is not only an explorer and an organizer on a large scale, but also a scientist and author. The first impression he gives one in conversation is that of concentrated energy and clearness. Many years of methodical and persevering work mark his exterior and his manner. Suffering too has now left its deep mark on him. His voice sounds hushed and muffled, his speech is hesitating as if he were afraid of betraying something he wishes to conceal; his deep and burning eyes, filled with

pain, seem at times to seek for something far, far distant.

De Gerlache first attracted the world's attention in 1896, when he planned an expedition to the South Pole. As leader of the expedition he left Antwerp in August, 1897, on board a former Norwegian whaler, which was named the *Belgica*, and not until two years had passed did he return, after an adventurous voyage rich in scientific results; he was the first to spend a winter in the Antarctic regions. Later he helped to start two other expeditions to the South Pole, the French expedition led by Dr. Charcot (1903) and the English expedition led by Shackleton (1912). Moreover, he himself was at the head of a series of expeditions, partly scientific, partly commercial, to the most diverse parts of the globe. In 1901 he was in the Persian Gulf; in 1907 in the Kara Sea, in 1909 in Franz-Josef Land. In addition to this he made two voyages to Greenland on board the *Belgica*, the first time along with the Duke of Orleans, and by his work in the making of maps he has rendered great service to the exploitation of Greenland.

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Immediately after the beginning of the war he performed important work at Ostend, where he was a sort of military director of the harbour, erected an aviation centre and arranged the landing of troops and war-material from England; finally he directed the evacuation of the port on October 13, 1914.

Since this day, so mournful in Belgian history, Captain de Gerlache has applied his time and his uncommon energy to collecting material, extensive in its scope, concerning the war, which was so suddenly and so unexpectedly forced on his country. His material was sifted by him with the precision of a man of science and he used it as the basis for a voluminous work, to which he has given the title “The Land that will not Die.”

The book is provided with a large number of illustrations, and these alone are sufficient to ensure the interest of the reader. Here are pictures of towns and villages, castles and churches, streets and squares, before and since the war; portraits of the Royal family and of the many prominent men, whose names since August, 1914, have everywhere been

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mentioned with admiration—General Leman, M. Max (the Mayor of Brussels), Cardinal Mercier, M. Davignon (the Minister for Foreign Affairs), etc. ; snapshots of the invading army and its exploits ; allegorical drawings, German war post cards, various pamphlets, and so on. The whole war passes before one's eyes in all its brutality and frightful horror.

And yet, however instructive and interesting these pictures may be admitted to be, they are only of minor importance. The chief interest is connected with the text written by Captain de Gerlache. The language is simple and free from all boasting ; the presentation of the facts is restrained, calm, and sober ; no striving after effect, no direct attempt to influence the reader to take sides. Here are facts, only facts, presented in their historical succession, and in their brutal reality their effect is so overwhelming that one reads the book with increasing fascination, now glowing with enthusiasm, now frozen with horror, now half stifled with resentment and indignation.

The book deals with the martyrdom of Belgium. Until August 4, 1914, the kingdom of Belgium was a country of about thirty

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thousand square kilometres with seven million inhabitants, a flourishing country with a rich intellectual culture and precious art treasures, with an imposing industry and a trade which almost equalled that of France—a country whose absolute neutrality had been guaranteed by the great European Powers in the treaty of 1839. And on April 29, 1913, the German Secretary of State, Herr von Jagow, during a sitting of the Budget Committee, in reply to an inquiry by a Social-Democratic member, had declared that "Germany was resolved to respect the neutrality of Belgium, which was indeed established by international agreements."

Now the kingdom of Belgium embraces only between seven and eight thousand square kilometres; the number of its inhabitants is extremely small, and its Government has its seat at Le Havre, where it enjoys full ex-territorial rights. The largest part of what was formerly Belgium is now occupied German territory, devastated and ruined. Many hundred thousands of its inhabitants have been killed or driven from hearth and home and live in exile in Holland, England, France, and Switzerland.

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On August 2, Germany sent its ultimatum, which Belgium proudly rejected; on October 13, the Belgian Government took up its seat of administration in a foreign country. Indescribable scenes took place at Ostend that day, when numerous things of the most varied nature had to be brought into safety, from the archives down to the royal horses and carriages.

It is especially the events between August 2 and October 13 which Captain de Gerlache describes in his book. He tells partly of the Belgian army—which for two months and a half, with splendid courage and endurance, slowly retiring, held up the superior enemy forces and caused them enormous losses—partly of the invading German army, whose systematic cruelty he illustrates by numerous examples.

There now exists such extensive material for the judgment of German methods of warfare, as applied in Belgium in the autumn months of 1914, that one can form an unprejudiced opinion concerning the same. Besides the diaries of soldiers which Bédier has published, and which he has since supplemented

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by several important additions, we have the official Belgian Commission's *Rapports sur la violation du droit des gens en Belgique*, with a preface by Van den Heuvel, likewise Cardinal Mercier's pastorals, and the extremely interesting Austrian investigation by Pater van den Bergh of the acts of violence perpetrated by German troops against Belgian priests—an investigation whose results differ very considerably from those arrived at by the German Commission.

Attempts have been made on the part of the Germans to arouse distrust of Bédier's edition of the German soldiers' diaries. The attempt is in all essential respects to be considered a failure. Objection was taken to supposed inaccuracies of language and lacking commas in order to divert attention from the uncontroverted facts. The diaries with the soldiers' brief accounts of their own outrages cannot be got over at all. A young French scholar, who in the autumn of 1914 was working at the French Ministry of War, has informed me that he read and copied a very large number of similar diaries, which contained even more ghastly accounts than those to be read in Bédier.

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Attempts have been made on the part of the Germans to excuse the atrocities committed by depicting them as justified reprisals against Belgian *francs-tireurs*. The accounts of these so-called *francs-tireurs* have long since been relegated to the world of legend by expert military authorities. For the rest, this very important question is discussed in detail by Captain de Gerlache.

It has also been stated by the Germans that Belgium had long before prepared for guerilla warfare. After the occupation of Louvain, a German officer related how numerous houses were found to have loopholes ; they were iron tubes which went through the outer wall, and which were provided with a steel lid opening outwards. The German officer indulges in profound observations about these iron tubes ; they prove to him, amongst other things, that the Belgians had prepared to resist an invading enemy in a manner " which a civilized nation like Germany cannot form an idea of " ! The simple truth is that these iron tubes, which are found in most modern Belgian houses, serve to fasten scaffolding in case of repairs ; they are, moreover, fitted into the roof in

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such a way that they could not possibly be used as loopholes. All further comment is superfluous.

Attempts have been made by the Germans to justify the violation of Belgian neutrality by pointing out that Belgium had concluded a secret agreement (*convention*) with England. The facts as to this statement have been demonstrated by Professor Emile Waxweiler, who has had at his disposal the German facsimile of the text. The latter speaks in reality only of a *conversation*, which word is wrongly translated into German by *Abkommen* (agreement), and in a new French translation of the German text the word *convention* has been calmly introduced. In reality, then, nothing remains of the sensational revelations of an Anglo-Belgian agreement which the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* made on October 13, 1914.

Finally, it has been asserted by the Germans that Belgium had concluded a secret agreement with France, which latter country several years before the outbreak of the war supplied Belgium with ammunition. Concerning this Captain de Gerlache remarks : “ I saw with

my own eyes how, several weeks after the commencement of hostilities, ten thousand Lebel rifles arrived at Ostend, which the Belgian Government had succeeded in getting sent from France. French ammunition accompanied these arms, and that is the reason why the Germans were able, during the fighting round Antwerp, to collect French cartridges marked 1912—a fact which led them to conclude that as early as that date (1912) we had made secret agreements with France.”

Such positive information as the last-mentioned fact is frequent in the book, which beyond all doubt must be regarded as an important source for the historians of the future. Moreover, Captain de Gerlache tells not only of Belgium's martyrdom, of plundering, of war taxes, commandeering, extortion, proclamations, and judgments of courts martial, but also of Belgium's resurrection. He believes in his country with the same ardent conviction as Emile Verhaeren ; believes in the unity, love of liberty, and the indomitable energy of the Belgian people. He sees how the burning will to live sustains the exiled

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Belgians, how Belgian enterprise in foreign countries has already left marked traces. As a single example it may be pointed out that the oldest newspaper in the country, *L'Indépendance belge*, only a week after the departure from Ostend began to appear in London, where thirty thousand copies are now printed daily.

The country will not die. King Albert said this in the proud words he addressed to the Legislative Assembly at Brussels on August 4: "I believe in our future: a country which defends itself wins the respect of all; that country will not perish." And the King's words live in all Belgian hearts and minds and on all Belgian lips.

The country will not die. Should any one doubt, he only needs to read the beautiful and moving pages with which Captain de Gerlache ends his book. He describes the soul of the Belgian people, as it reveals itself during the German occupation, brings forward a series of characteristic, touching, admirable, often sublime, little traits which bear witness to the spirit which inspires the whole nation, from the highest officials to the poorest work-

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men and their wives, to courage and self-denial, to a sense of honour, pride, and endurance, and above all to a splendid faith in the future.

The country will not die. Since February 1, 1915, *La Libre Belgique* has been appearing in the occupied territory before the very eyes of the Governor-General and the German State police. No one knows where the paper is printed ; no one knows who writes it ; no one knows who distributes it. The mysterious newspaper is a marvellously impressive expression of the patriotism, courage, and indomitable defiance of the Belgians.

The country will not die. No external violence has been able to kill the soul of the people. That is in itself a sacred power ; it continues to live on, in spite of misfortunes and sufferings, full of confidence, strong and proud, and even more buoyant than before.

The martyrdom of the Belgian people has been extolled by Emile Cammaerts in a series of moving poems. In one of them he sings in praise of the Belgian flag, and manly courage, lofty self-consciousness, and indomitable confidence echo from his enthusiastic stanzas.

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*Rouge pour le sang des soldats
— Noir, jaune et rouge —
Noir pour les larmes des mères
— Noir, jaune et rouge —
Et jaune pour la lumière
Et l'ardeur des prochains combats.*

*Rouge pour la pourpre héroïque
— Noir, jaune et rouge —
Noir pour le voile des veuves
— Noir, jaune et rouge —
Et jaune pour l'orgueil épique
Et le triomphe après l'épreuve.*

*Rouge pour la rage des flammes
— Noir, jaune et rouge —
Noir pour la cendre des deuils
— Noir, jaune et rouge —
Et jaune pour le salut de l'âme
Et l'or fauve de notre orgueil.*

*Au drapeau, mes enfants,
La patrie vous bénit,
Il n'a jamais été si grand
Que depuis qu'il est petit.
Il n'a jamais été si fort
Que depuis qu'il brave la mort.*

IV. THE DESTROYED UNIVERSITY

BEFORE August, 1914, there were in Belgium four universities, of which the two at Ghent and Liège were controlled by the State, whilst the two at Louvain and Brussels were independent institutions.

Now one of these four universities is a mere heap of ruins. On the night of August 25 the town of Louvain was devastated by the German army, and the university met with the same fate as a large part of the rest of the town; it was shot at, caught fire, and was entirely destroyed. As the university fared, so did the large and valuable library with its three hundred thousand books and its rare collection of old Flemish manuscripts. •

The University of Louvain has a long and honourable past. Its palmy days were at the time of the Renaissance, when it was frequented by about six thousand students yearly, and such famous men as Erasmus of

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Rotterdam, Justus Lipsius, and the Spaniard Vivès delivered lectures there. It flourished afresh at the close of the nineteenth century, when it became, especially for the Catholic world, a centre for humanist studies.

The university dates from the fifteenth century. It was founded in order to create a national intellectual centre, which amongst other things should counteract the emigration of young students to Paris and Bologna; during their stay in foreign countries many of these young men were ruined and many completely lost their special national character.

Another important reason was also that the town was at that time, less flourishing than formerly; the manufacture of cloth had declined and new people had to be attracted to the town, new celebrity had to be won for it. Louvain therefore gladly accepted the new academy, whilst other towns had declined with thanks, as they were afraid of the difficulties which might accompany these restless and boisterous young students.

It was in the year 1425 that a *studium*—that is, a scientific university—was established in the old and celebrated centre of trade and

industry, Louvain, and its compass was soon extended so as to include faculties of theology, medicine, and law. The university was started in a wing of the old halls, but as it grew, more and more of the building was used, because the cloth industry simultaneously declined rapidly.

The halls of Louvain dated from the middle of the fourteenth century. They were of great importance from the point of view of art and the history of art, for they represented the oldest attempts to create a new, independent, national art, and they formed the starting-point for the architecture, afterwards so very unique, which is represented by numerous public and private buildings, of which a large number are now entirely or partially destroyed.

In 1675 the university bought the halls from the town. In the course of time it had become a wealthy institution, through the large endowments made by former students.

During the wars of the French Revolution the university passed through a time of stress, when, in 1797, it was closed and the halls were returned to the town. After some time had

elapsed, however, former conditions were restored and the university continued on a larger scale its activities as an independent scientific university.

The library is of much more recent date than the university. It was founded in 1636 by the famous historian Valère André, who became its first librarian. Its nucleus consisted of various private collections, presented by learned benefactors, and it grew rapidly, partly through purchases, partly through bequests. The largest accession was made in 1778 by the purchase of large collections belonging to the Jesuit colleges.

The library was used not only by Belgian students and professors; it was continually frequented by foreign scholars, particularly on account of the rare manuscripts which it possessed.

Now nothing remains of either university or library. The beautiful historic buildings with their lecture-rooms rich in memories of the past and their valuable literary treasures—all are destroyed.

But iron and fire avail nothing against thought; its work lives on, imperishable.

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And the professors of Louvain continue in other countries, under new and difficult conditions, their researches ; some of them have resumed their lectures at foreign universities. The Collège de France in Paris has opened its doors and lecture-rooms to Paul Delannoy, Doutrepon, and Brachet.

• The first of these three exiled scholars was not only a professor at the University of Louvain, but also the librarian of its famous library, whose books and manuscripts were known to him as to no other man. In a series of lectures delivered by him in Paris in February, 1915, and now published in book form, he has given a detailed account of the part played by the University of Louvain throughout the ages. He likewise mentions the destruction of the university, and especially that of the library, in words vibrating with indignation, and he levels a terrible accusation against the commanders of the German army. He writes :

“ The whole world was as if paralysed with horror when it heard of the crime of Louvain, of the infamous act which abandoned to the flames the invaluable treasures that for cen-

tures had been collected in the university library. The crude and brutal plundering, so skilfully planned, and the sacrilegious destruction of one of scientific Belgium's most costly jewels aroused a storm of indignation in all upright men whose mouths were not closed by selfish considerations or by fear of military imperialism.

"In vain have the leaders of German civilization attempted to cover with their reputation the most outrageous misdeeds of the imperial army. German scholars have dishonoured themselves by placing themselves in the power of Cæsarism and by entering into the service of political passion.

"In vain have the most various pretexts been invoked, which at times even contradicted one another. To excuse the murders and the plundering the story of the *francs-tireurs*, now so often disproved, was invented. To explain the burning of the library it was maintained that it was the flames from the neighbouring houses, which, on account of various unfortunate circumstances, had spread too far; a high wind and the absence of all the librarians made it impossible to fight the fire."

“ Every one who is familiar with the university halls of Louvain, every one who shuddered with horror at the account of the atrocities committed on the night of August 25, when the most beautiful buildings of this university town sank in ruins, will pass a severe judgment on these numerous, absurd, outrageous, and lying inventions.

“ The ruins of Louvain will be eternally branded on the brow of German militarism, and this brand will remain, whatever efforts German civilization may make to efface it. Numerous incontrovertible proofs have now been obtained that the whole work of destruction had long been planned. It is not amongst the bands of soldiers who carried out the commands given, it is not amongst the officers who smilingly issued their cruel orders, it is far higher, it is in the highest war council of the empire that we must seek the responsible authors of such a horrible misdeed. Had it been otherwise, the highest commanders would long ago have disavowed the guilty ones, on account of the general condemnation. They have not even expressed regret.”

Delannoy's accusation is violent, a justifiable

expression of violent feelings. The German Emperor in his well-known communication to President Wilson confessed that his soldiers destroyed Louvain ; but they were compelled to do so in self-defence against the perfidious and treacherous behaviour of the excited population. He writes : " A few villages and the old town of Louvain itself, with the exception of the beautiful town hall, had to be destroyed in self-defence and for the protection of my troops." An attempt has also been made to excuse the destruction of Louvain in another way, and in the German press and war literature the grossest accusations have been made against the *rasende Einwohnerschaft* (infuriated inhabitants) and their conduct towards the peaceably inclined German army of invasion. Most of these charges are so absurd that they have easily been disproved by different authors ; reference may be made in particular to descriptions of the night of horror at Louvain by two non-Belgian witnesses, the Frenchman René Chambry and the Dutchman L. H. Grondijs.

Few countries have had a more chequered fortune than Belgium. Time after time foreign

usurpers have forced their way across its frontiers and have sought to fetter its population, but their living passion for liberty and ever-watchful feeling of independence have in the long run proved invincible. Neither Charles V nor the Duke of Alba nor the Emperor Joseph II was able to subjugate this country. And every Belgian is in the depths of his soul fully convinced that what in former times Spanish, Austrian, French, or Dutch soldiers did not succeed in doing will not be done in our days by the Germans.

The University of Louvain was one of the most important intellectual centres in Belgium. Its destruction was possibly intended as a death-blow to Belgian civilization, but the result will certainly be just the opposite. The martyrdom of the university will unite all forces which are now at work and will be so in the future for the liberation and restoration of Belgium. The stones will cry out and throughout long ages, generations to come will listen entranced to their mighty voice of exhortation.

V. THE CATHEDRAL OF RHEIMS

IT is now an indisputable fact that the Cathedral of Rheims is destroyed, totally ruined. For some time uncertainty prevailed as to the fate of the building. The accounts sounded so contradictory and people hoped as long as possible. Now we have certainty. All hope is impossible, all doubt vanished. The Cathedral of Rheims is merely a blackened ruin.

To understand entirely what this means one must be a Frenchman. For the Cathedral of Rheims was not only one of the fairest and proudest witnesses to the Gothic art of building in the thirteenth century ; it was in addition like a whole Bible in stone, with its incomparably beautiful representations of the story of the Creation, of the sacred career of the prophets and apostles, of the golden legend of the martyrs. Above all, it was a silent witness throughout the ages of so many significant events in the history of France. It was in a higher degree than any other

French church the church of historic memories.

Emile Mâle, the excellent authority on the history of art and civilization, who has published such splendid books on the ecclesiastical art of France in the Middle Ages, and who shows such delicate understanding and such warm affection for the ecclesiastical buildings of Northern France in particular, expresses himself as follows with regard to the destruction of the cathedral: "Throughout the whole world this crime made a painful impression ; it was as if a star were extinguished and the beauty of the world had diminished. What would be said of a tyrant who was powerful enough to annihilate Dante's *Divina Commedia* ? The Cathedral of Rheims may be compared with the "Divine Comedy." It too possessed a majestic beauty of structure, an infinite richness of thought, and a perfect form. The whole world felt that Germany had here deprived it of its most precious treasure, and it will never be forgiven."

There is now a brief official report of the damage which the cathedral suffered up to October 6, 1914. It is written by Henri

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Jadart, secretary of the Academy of Rheims and director of the town's historical museum and library. The report, which also includes the destruction of other buildings and collections of artistic and historical value, was made by M. Jadart in person to the French Society of Science at a meeting held on November 13, 1914. It did not appear in printed form until much later, and runs as follows :

“I have been requested to give a report on the damage suffered by the historic buildings of Rheims and as to what collections have perished ; I will then lay before you such an account, on the basis of the observations I was able to make from the beginning of the bombardment (September 4) until the day (October 6) when I was compelled to leave Rheims ; my house was then almost completely destroyed. We know that the town was again exposed to danger from the beginning of November, but I shall dwell in particular on the losses caused by fire on September 18 and 19. On the latter day the cathedral and the adjacent palace were the object of a most terrible bombardment, which to a considerable extent destroyed the

cathedral and completely shot to pieces the palace of the old kings and archbishops.

" You know already the various phases of the bombardment of the cathedral, which was so unfortunately protected by the scaffolding that surrounded the north tower of the chief portal from the very bottom right up to the statues of the kings, and by the piles of straw which were placed on the floor in the naves of the cathedral as a bed for the German wounded. The fire arose through bombs, spread quickly to the roof, devoured the woodwork and melted the whole leaden roof of the building, destroyed the small central tower with the chime of bells, the roof of the towers of the transept, and the beautiful so-called 'Tower of the Angels' in the apse. The highest galleries with their statues and the gables of the transept are all that remain undamaged in the upper part of the building.

" In the north tower the sculptures have, as a result of the burning of the scaffolding, sustained injury in a very considerable measure. The same fate befell the figures in the portal of the tower, and which are called 'the saints of Rheims.' These statues, which represent

St. Remy, St. Thierry, St. Nicaise, the holy woman Eutropie, and others, were of very special interest for the history of the town; there are no casts of these statues, and the flames have affected them so seriously that the stone will gradually crumble away.

"The statues in the other portals of the west front have only been struck by shell-splinters, which have knocked pieces off their apparel. In the north side-portal, hard by the Rue Préau, the statues and bas-reliefs of the gables have been damaged; but the fire did not reach so far and has not touched them at all, and they are therefore in no danger of being gradually destroyed like the 'Saints of Rheims' in the chief portal.

"In the interior of the cathedral the walls and the lowest part of the pillars have been damaged by the flames from the burning straw. The carved porches on either side of the chief portal caught fire, and the flames scorched the niches with the finely elaborated figures which frame the doors. No casts had been made of these statues, and their loss is thus very regrettable. The same is the case with the painted glass panes, the rose-windows,

and the other windows, which are shattered and broken in several places and irreparably destroyed. The tapestry of the sixteenth century and the cathedral jewels were fortunately saved.

“ The palace adjacent to the cathedral is completely burnt down with the exception of the chapel, which has only lost its roof. In this palace there were treasures of all kinds, of which in all probability but few traces will be found in the heap of ruins. ‘ The Hall of the Kings ’ and the ten Pebernack tapestries which hung there are burnt, likewise all portraits of archbishops and other historical personages which hung in the coronation chambers. The same fate befell the portraits of citizens of Rheims, valuable views of the town, and furniture and bronzes of great value—as, for instance, the foot of the St. Remy candelabrum, dating back to the twelfth century.

“ The Academy of Rheims has in this palace, in which it held its sittings from 1841 to 1906, lost everything—furniture, archives, minutes, all the manuscripts of its publications and competitions, the whole collection of unpub-

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lished works and documents, the whole library from the learned societies. All is now ashes.

“The library was founded by Cardinal Gousset; it consisted of twenty thousand selected volumes. It was lodged in the handsome wainscoted hall, which occupied a whole wing of the building at the entrance to the first courtyard. It fell a prey to the flames.

“The ethnographical museum for the province of Champagne, which was arranged and presented by Dr. Guelliot and was of such great importance for the study of the old customs and crafts of the district, has completely disappeared from the attics of the adjacent building.

“Lastly, the archæological museum of the town no longer exists; it contained the well-known collections of antiques from Champagne, and had recently been lodged in the seven rooms and the anteroom on the first floor in the ‘Kings’ Wing’: not a single one of these collections shall we be able to recover from the heap of ruins. The museum had been methodically arranged by Dr. Guelliot and it was just to have been opened to the

public. Reports of excavations and the manuscript records are also destroyed.

"*The Roman basilica of St. Remy was struck by a shell on September 4; the projectile was especially violent and hit the south portal; the arch was severely shaken at this spot and precious windows were shattered in the choir and transept. The tapestry dating back to the sixteenth century had been placed in security.*"

Thus runs the report of M. Jadart. In its brief, concise, and exact form it is extraordinarily moving to read, and one is horrified at the thought of the irreparable values which have perished during the war in a single town and up to October 6, 1914.

From the German side it has been asserted that the destruction of the cathedral was necessary on military grounds. In the account published by the German Ministry for War, *Die Beschiessung der Catedral von Reims* (p. 9), we are told :

"It is established that the fortified town of Rheims was included in the line of defence of the French General Staff. The French artillery took up position—as is proved—not

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only in the immediate neighbourhood of the town, but also on its outskirts, in open squares, *and even in the immediate vicinity of the cathedral.* The town itself was occupied by soldiers. The bombardment was therefore demanded on military grounds as an absolute necessity. It had been decided to spare the cathedral, but the French Government compelled us to bombard it by placing in the immediate neighbourhood of the building batteries of heavy calibre and by using one tower as an observation-post."

This official account did not remain uncontroverted. A most energetic protest was made by the most competent authority. The archbishop's vicar-general, Landrieng, the dean of the cathedral, who stayed in the town during the bombardment, issued the following categorical statement :

"Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg's informant has been so misinformed that one would believe there was a hoax. But the error is too serious to remain uncontroverted, especially as we have been given to understand that the cathedral, already so badly damaged, might be exposed to further devastation.

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“ In the name of his Eminence the Cardinal of Rheims, I, as an eye-witness to what happens hour by hour in my cathedral, make the most absolute contradiction of that incredible document. There was no observation-post in the towers, any more than there were batteries drawn up in the cathedral square ; at no time were any troops whatsoever drawn up or stationed in the neighbourhood of the cathedral. The population of the whole town can testify to this.”

I will now quote three German extracts which all refer to the Cathedral of Rheims, and express a wish for its destruction or exult in the completed work of destruction. Hatred of the cathedral of Joan of Arc is old in Germany ; it has now accomplished its purpose.

The oldest of the three passages dates back over a hundred years. It occurs in the *Rheinischer Merkur* for April 1814, and is by the well-known student of literature, Orientalist, and mystic, Joseph Jakob von Görres, who at that time was an ardent opponent of France. He writes : “ Burn to ashes this basilica of Rheims, where Clovis was crowned, and where the Franks, these false brethren

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of the Germans, founded their kingdom. Burn this cathedral ! . . .”

The second passage, which is from the beginning of the war, repeats the wish expressed by Görres. In the *Berliner Blatt* for September 5, 1914, we read : “ The western portion of our army in France has already passed the second line of outer forts with the exception of Rheims, whose royal splendour, which dates back to the time of the fleurs-de-lis, will soon fall in ruins under the fire of our howitzers.”

The third passage is to be found in the literary supplement of the *Berliner Lokalanzeiger* for January 1, 1915. It is an ode written by Rudolf Herzog to extol the destruction of the cathedral : “ The bells no longer ring in the cathedral with the two towers. The benediction has grown silent ! . . . We have now, O Rheims, closed thy house of idols with lead ! ” Herzog perhaps wrote these lines bearing in mind the well-known words of Emanuel von Geibel :

*Und es mag an deutschem Wesen,
Einmal noch die Welt genesen ! **

* “ The world may still some day grow well, through the German character.”—*Translator's note.*

The Cathedral of Rheims has many companions in distress. The German army, when it invaded the north of France, destroyed, totally or partially, by bombardment or incendiarism, churches and chapels, at Albert, Serres, Vieille-Chapelle, Etavigny, Soissons, Hébuterne, Ribécourt, Suippes, Montceau, Barcy, Revigny, Souain, Maurupt, Berry-aux-Bac, Mandray, Heiltz-le-Maurupt, Sermaizelles-Bains, Doncières, etc.

Who is able to understand the full extent of all these devastations, all that has perished in the way of art and beauty, of national memories and cultural values, of peace and human happiness? Are we here again confronted by the inevitable result of the "military grounds" which are always brought forward when it is a question of explaining, defending, or excusing too horrible expressions of national militarism? Or is the whole a beginning of the German Ragnarök which Heinrich Heine prophesied in the third book of *Deutschland*, and compared with which the French Revolution will seem an innocent idyll. He writes :

"It is the fairest merit of Christianity that

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it has to a certain extent toned down the brutal German pugnacity, and when once the Cross, this talisman—which acts as a restrainer—is broken, then the savagery of the old warriors will again burst forth, the mad bare-sark spirit of which the Norse poets have said and sung so much. That talisman is now powerless, and the day will come when it will collapse entirely. Then the stone gods of ancient times will again arise from the old fallen fragments of stone, they will rub the dust of a thousand years from their eyes, and Thor will leap up with his gigantic hammer and shatter the Gothic cathedrals.”

The German Thor has brandished his hammer and covered Belgium and the north of France with ruins and heaps of fragments. The question has already been asked whether these ruins after the war should continue to lie as ruins or whether an attempt should be made to rebuild them. In the *Strand Magazine* for December, 1915, French and Belgian artists and scholars expressed their views on the subject. Some of them are of opinion that just as the doctors try to heal and cure the mutilated French and Belgian soldiers, so the artists

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ought to try to heal and cure the shattered buildings. Most of them, however, demand that the ruins shall remain untouched as eternal shameful monuments to the enemy's work of destruction. The sculptor, Antonien Mercié writes : " Touch nothing ! You have no right to do so. You must not rebuild anything. Everything must be preserved unchanged in the condition to which the bullets of the barbarians have reduced it. . . . And who would be able to rebuild an old Gothic church ! No one would be able, and so you must not add new barbarism to that of the Germans. Surround the ruins with flower-beds, and protect them as rare gems, but do not touch them ! "

In the same sense Joseph Reinach expresses himself with special reference to Arras : " The façade of the cathedral, whose most beautiful sculptures and other ornaments are entirely destroyed, and the shapeless pile of ruins, which is the only thing remaining of Arras, of its houses and halls, towers and churches, must be left untouched for the edification of coming generations, in glorification of the destroyed towns. The ruins must remain as

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an eternal testimony to the crime and as a punishment to its perpetrators. Formerly we possessed no Parthenon, no Pæstum, no Forum of Trajan. Now we have them. Let us keep them. They are gems which bear witness to our sorrow and our sufferings. Touch them not ! ”

VI. THE MANIFESTO

IN the autumn of 1914, when the whole civilized world had been startled by all that had happened in Belgium and the north of France, ninety-three representatives of German art and science issued a solemn manifesto, protesting against the charges of barbarous methods of warfare brought against the German army. The manifesto was distributed the whole world over in a very large number of copies and in many different languages. Here is a translation of the Danish text :

“To the whole civilized world!—We, representatives of German science and art, protest to the whole civilized world against the lies and calumnies with which our enemies try to defile the pure cause of Germany in the hard struggle for its existence which has been forced on it. The course of events has contradicted the reports spread about German defeats. But all the more eagerly efforts are now being made, to misrepresent and to arouse suspicion.

Against these we raise our voices, which will make the truth known.

"It is not true that Germany is responsible for this war. Neither people, Government, nor Kaiser desired it." From the German side the uttermost was done to prevent it. The historical documents in proof of this lie open before the whole world. Often enough, in the course of his reign of twenty-six years, has Wilhelm II proved himself to be the protector of the peace of the world; often enough even our antagonists have confessed this. Nay, this same Kaiser whom they now dare to call a new Attila has for decades, on account of his unshakeable love of peace, been the object of their scorn. Only when our country had been attacked on three sides by superior forces which had long lain in wait on our frontiers did it rise like one man.

"It is not true that we in criminal fashion have violated the neutrality of Belgium. It has been proved that France and England were ready to do the same and that Belgium was in agreement with them. It would have been suicide not to anticipate them.

"It is not true that a single Belgian citizen's

life and property have been touched by our soldiers unless the dire necessity of self-defence demanded it—for the population, without limit and in spite of all warnings, fired at them from ambushes, mutilated wounded, murdered doctors during the execution of their work of mercy. A more despicable falsification cannot be made than by not mentioning the crimes of these assassins in order to be able to charge the Germans with a crime, instead of its being a well-earned punishment.

"It is not true that our troops behaved brutally at Louvain. Against infuriated inhabitants who treacherously attacked them in their quarters, with heavy heart they had to take reprisals by firing at a part of the town. The greater part of Louvain is still standing. The celebrated town hall is completely undamaged. With self-sacrifice our soldiers saved it from the flames. If in this terrible war works of art have been destroyed or will be later on, every German will deplore it. But as little as we hold ourselves inferior to any one in our love of art, just as energetically we refuse to suffer a defeat in order to preserve a work of art.

"It is not true that our methods of warfare despise the laws of international justice. They know no undisciplined cruelty. In the east the soil is moistened by the blood of women and children whom Russian hordes have slain, and in the west dum-dum bullets tear asunder the breasts of our soldiers. Least of all have those any right to figure as defenders of European civilization who ally themselves with Russians and Serbians and offer to the world the unbearable spectacle of egging on Mongols and Negroes against people of the white race.

"It is not true that the struggle against our so-called militarism is not a struggle against our civilization, as our enemies hypocritically contend. Without German militarism, German civilization would long ago have disappeared from the face of the earth. It was nurtured by the civilization of this country, which more than any other was for centuries the subject of marauding attacks, in order to protect it. The German army and the German people are one and the same thing. The consciousness of this fact now causes seventy million Germans to stand united as brethren, despite differences of culture, rank, and party.

"We cannot wrest from the hands of our enemies their poisoned and lying weapons. We can only cry out to the wide world that they bear false witness against us. But to you, who know us and who hitherto, together with us, have watched over the highest possessions of mankind, we cry : ' Believe as ! Believe that we will fight this fight to a finish like a civilized nation, to whom the heritage of a Goethe, a Beethoven, a Kant is not less sacred than hearth and soil.'

"For this we pledge to you our good name and our honour."

Then follow the names of the ninety-three signatories of the manifesto. I quote some of them : • Emil v. Behring, Wilhelm v. Bode, Franz v. Defregger, Richard Dehmel, Wilhelm Dörpfeld, Paul Ehrlich, Ernst Haeckel, Max Halbe, Adolf v. Harnack, Gerhard Hauptmann, Fritz August v. Kaulbach, Max Klinger, Karl Lamprecht, Franz v. Liszt, Walter Nernst, Wilhelm Ostwald, Max Reinhardt, Wilhelm Röntgen, Hermann Sudermann, Siegfried Wagner, Ulrich v. Wilamowitz-Moellendorff, Wilhelm Wundt, etc.—as will be seen, the

most distinguished names of modern Germany in numerous and various spheres—names of universal repute.

We scarcely exaggerate in saying that this manifesto in most places produced an effect which was the opposite of what was intended. A large number of excellent men had here in patriotic zeal pledged their word of honour for a large number of things about which, as is immediately clear, they knew nothing and could know nothing. Scholars in all countries shook their heads uncomprehendingly at this remarkable document, which formed such a glaring contrast to what might rightly be expected of German method and thoroughness. In Italy, which at that time was not amongst the belligerent States, the amazement and the disappointment were so great that the ninety-three *Vertreter der deutschen Kultur* were christened the *Verräter der deutschen Kultur*.*

The manifesto evoked a series of protests and replies, partly from public institutions, partly from private persons, in many different

* That is, instead of *representatives* of German civilization the Italians called them the *traitors* to it.—Translator's note.

countries—France, England, America, Holland, and Switzerland. We reproduce a few of these protests here.

After the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres*, in a solemn resolution passed at a meeting on October 22, 1914, had rebutted the statements in the German manifesto, and after several other branches of the Institute had supported this resolution, a protest was made by the staffs of the French universities, which was formulated as a series of questions. The protest runs as follows :

“ The German universities have recently protested against the accusations levelled at their country with regard to the war.

“ The French universities will content themselves with asking the following questions :

“ Who wanted the war ?

“ Who, in the all-too-short time which was given to Europe for reflection, endeavoured to find a means of reconciliation ? Who, on the other hand, rejected all the proposals made by England, Russia, France, and Italy ?

“ Who, just at the moment when it seemed that the conflict would be adjusted, let loose the war, as if the favourable opportunity for

which they had waited and lain in ambush for so long had now come at last ?

“ Who violated the neutrality of Belgium after having guaranteed it ?

“ Who in this connexion declared that neutrality is only a word, that ‘ a treaty is only a scrap of paper,’ and that ‘ in war-time one must act as well as one can ’ ?

“ Who regards as invalid and non-existent the international agreements, by which the Powers pledged themselves by their signatures not to use in warfare any means which may be described as a barbarous or perfidious act, pledged themselves to respect historic monuments and buildings used for religious, scientific, artistic, and charitable purposes, except in the case when the enemy utilizes them contrary to their character and uses them for military purposes ?

“ Under what circumstances was the University of Louvain destroyed ?

“ Under what circumstances was the Cathedral of Rheims burnt ?

“ Under what circumstances were incendiary bombs cast at the Church of Notre-Dame in Paris ?

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"To these questions the facts alone must give an answer.

"The documents can already be used which are published by the various Ministries of Foreign Affairs, as also the results of the investigations made by neutral States, the evidence found in the pocket-books of German soldiers, the evidence afforded by French and Belgian ruins.

"These are our proofs.

"Against these it is not sufficient, as the representatives of German science and art have done, to make refutations which are only based on an imperative 'word of honour.'

"Nor is it sufficient to say, like the German universities, 'You know our teaching; it could not train barbarians.'

"We know of what great importance this teaching has been. But we also know that the German intellectual development has broken away from the traditions of the Germany of Leibnitz, Kant, and Goethe, and declared its solidarity with and its indebtedness to Prussian militarism, and that under the influence of militarism it lays claim to the dominion of the world.

"There exist many proofs of this claim. But quite recently a professor of the University of Leipzig wrote: 'The future of European civilization rests on our shoulders.'

"The French universities, on the other hand, are still of opinion that progress in civilization is not due to a single nation, but to the co-operation of all nations, that the moral and spiritual riches of mankind are created by the innate variety and the necessary independence of the eminent men of all nations.

"The French universities, like the armies of the Allies, defend the freedom of the world."

An equally sharp protest against the German manifesto *An die Kulturwelt* occurs in an open letter by S. H. Church, President of the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburg, to Professor Fritz Schaper. This letter, which mercilessly riddles the German manifesto with criticism, is all the more important because Church entertained very close relations with German research and German investigators. As it was translated into Danish immediately after its appearance, I shall not further dwell on it

here, but proceed to quote a few replies from Holland and Switzerland.

They are both pitched in a higher key than the protest of the French universities. This is explained quite naturally by the fact that they are by private persons, who speak for themselves, not on behalf of State institutions. The Dutch reply, whose author is Professor C. L. Drake, may be said to be of very especial interest; we therefore reproduce it here, translated in full :

" I have received direct from Germany the German manifesto *An die Kulturwelt*, and consequently I think I have a right to give my opinion as to the protest of these prominent Germans in the paper whose art critic I have been for more than five years. Amongst these ninety-three Germans about sixty-three are professors at various academies for science and art. There are both celebrated artists, philosophers, physicians, chemists, national economists, directors of museums, Protestant and Catholic theologians, historians, etc. Undoubtedly, then, we may on the whole regard them as representatives of modern German civilization. It is not remarkable that these

eminent men, who have been appalled by the horror the German troops have aroused the whole world over by their conduct in the occupied territories, should endeavour, in all good faith, to excuse the way in which the German soldiers act. They rightly perceive that even if the excellently organized German armies were to succeed in getting the upper hand and overcoming all Europe, and thereby the whole world, Germany will nevertheless in the long run meet with the fate which undeniably must befall every attempt to seize by force the dominion of the world. The usurper will always be a victim of his own strength. The representatives of modern German civilization, who wish to convince us that Germany could not have avoided the war, who wish to have us believe that the German soldiers' actions, their murdering, their plundering, and incendiarism, which they themselves deplore, it is certain, were unavoidable—the men who assert that the violation of the neutrality of Belgium, which was guaranteed both by promises and documents, was necessary, and that 'it is not true' when the statement is made that German troops have used violence

against Belgian subjects' lives and property except for strict self-defence—the men who deny the brutal destruction of Louvain (they do *not* speak of the destruction of the Cathedral of Rheims), who deny that the German soldiers carry on war with 'undisciplined cruelty' (*zuchtlose Grausamkeit*), and who regard militarism as a defence of their civilization—those men are deceived and deceive themselves, because they are misguided by the fear of what the future may bring.

"I admit that undisciplined cruelty is probably rarer in the German army, which is so well disciplined, than in any other army whatsoever. *But it is just disciplined cruelty, cruelty by order, which makes heaven and earth tremble.* It was just this disciplined cruelty which placed incendiary bombs in the hands of German soldiers, and it is this cruelty which is responsible for the death and destruction spread by these bombs in peaceful towns. It is disciplined cruelty which is responsible for authorities and priests being shot down everywhere in the towns, because a few desperate citizens fired at the victorious troops.

“It is certain that if these ninety-three eminent Germans were not entirely infatuated, they would have asked themselves whether their military authorities were not in this war spoiling the good old German name for several centuries. Instead of addressing *die Kulturwelt* in vain, which sees the advance of the German troops marked by smoking ruins and shattered works of art, they ought to have requested their commander-in-chief to order a strict investigation of the accusations about which blood and destruction cry aloud.

“Had this been the case, horrified mankind would have shown them its sympathy and thanked God that this land of cannon and sword still reckoned a band of noble men who gave hope of a possible change.

“You ninety-three Germans, you wish to excuse the atrocities of your military authorities by appealing to the political necessity, to the cruelty of the Russians, and to a few small cases of dum-dum bullets found in a French fortress.

“But if your cause had been just, you could have appealed to the well-known generosity of your princes and generals, to deeds

which had won respect from your conquered enemies, to the help you had brought to the unfortunate victims of war, to the veneration you had shown churches and works of art. But as reconciliation for incendiarism, murder, and for the brutal and ruthless manner in which your troops have treated every town or village they met on their way, history cannot record a single deed which shows sympathy with the conquered. *Væ Victis* stands written on your banners.

“You ninety-three Germans, your protest is based on the statement of those who give the orders, but witness is borne to the accusations by the blood of the innocent and by innumerable smoking ruins.

“You eminent Germans, I say to you: Do not make your mistake greater by believing that which I have written—which, I am convinced, expresses the opinion prevailing in the civilized world—springs from hatred or the desire to calumniate.”

The Swiss reply is by Edouard Chapuizat, a man of refined culture and extensive knowledge. He studied at the Universities of Berlin and Paris, is an historian and jurist and

a member of the Town Council of Geneva. His reply, which was published in a number of Swiss newspapers, runs as follows :

“ You have felt it a duty to send me your ‘ Manifesto to the Civilized Nations.’ I have gone into the same, but I honestly confess that I should not have paid special attention to it unless it had been signed by men who are recognized within the scientific world.

“ I can never forget the interest with which, at the University of Berlin, I followed the various lectures both of Professor von Liszt and Professor Smoller—who at that time did not feel such deep respect for the authority of the Kaiser—and of Professors von Harnack and von Wilamowitz-Moellendorff, who spoke with such great enthusiasm of artistic culture and of the development of immortal art.

“ To find these names amongst the signatories of your manifesto was a great disappointment to me. To send the said manifesto to me was not well considered—since I am a well-informed citizen of a neutral country.

“ I have had an especially good opportunity of acquainting myself with the circumstances

under which Germany foresaw the war. Eminent men of foreign nationality, who have shown me the honour of making me their confidant, drew my attention to the support Germany had promised Austria in its demands to the Serbian Government, even fourteen days before the outbreak of the war. If it is correct, as you think, that the German people did not want the war, then do not say that your Government did not want it either. If you maintain this statement, you must confess the impotence of your diplomacy and its bankruptcy as regards your only ally, Austria.

“ ‘It is not true,’ you write, ‘that we in criminal fashion, violated the neutrality of Belgium.’ But a violation of neutrality is always a crime. Seen with the eyes of a Swiss citizen, there is no excuse possible, and those who commit it ought to be prepared for the desperate measures of resistance which a justified defence at all times will produce.

“ ‘It is not true,’ you say further, ‘that our troops brutally and ruthlessly destroyed Louvain.’ On this point I keep to the report made by experts appointed by your Government, which confesses the irreparable losses

that have befallen art and the whole civilized world through the destruction of a wonderful building and precious manuscripts. You do not mention the Cathedral of Rheims; that I understand very well, and I respect the disapproval which is emphasized by your silence.

“Is it not true that your soldiers carry on war without caring for the rights of man? Ask in Switzerland the families Hennin and Bernaisconi under what circumstances their fathers were killed, and you will perceive that you have been hoodwinked when you maintain that the German troops have not committed any blameworthy act whatsoever.

“The struggle, you declare in the last place, is directed against your civilization. I am not aware of the Slav people's attitude and purpose. But the people seem to me too strong and too great to care about spreading Slavism in countries where they are not at home.

“As regards France, I assure you that you are entirely on the wrong track. Never before has France in such a loyal and disinterested fashion made such great efforts to understand

the history of Germany and its philosophical conceptions. Only take the dissertations of the last ten years in France and tell me whether, on the contrary, the cultured youth of France with its wonderful and penetrating intelligence has not scrutinized your thinkers in so clear and methodical a manner that young Germany might envy it.

“How am I to understand that you, Professor Harnack, the apostle of modern theology—that you, Professor von Liszt, the penetrating and accurate authority on crime—that you, Professor Dörpfeld, who are to Germany what Maspero and Naville are to France and Switzerland—that you could write : ‘ Without our militarism our civilization would long ago have been annihilated ’ ? Nay, it lies beyond the comprehension of an ordinary historian and jurist.

“ No, gentlemen, it is your militarism which would be able to annihilate civilization, unless the latter bore within itself the imperishable germ of justice and liberty. I know who you are, gentlemen ; I know that the heritage of Goethe, Beethoven, and Kant is to you a sacred thing. But Goethe, Beethoven, and

Kant are dead, whilst the world lives. Do not let the world come to hate you by laying on you the responsibility for so many men's deaths—men whose hands and brains would have been of use to the world, the home, and the intellect."

From the German side also protest was made against the manifesto. A particularly eloquent protest occurs in the first number of the second annual set of *Das Forum*, a periodical which is now suppressed, but was edited by Wilhelm Herzog at Munich. The article I allude to is by Professor Walther Schücking of Marburg, and deals with the relations of German professors to the world-war. It has not been directly accessible to me, and I quote it second-hand from a review, which then appeared in the *Berlingske Tidende*. We read here:

"Schücking emphasizes the one-sided tendency which has prevailed amongst the representatives of modern German scholarship, especially in the field of history, where the National Liberal cast of mind, tinged with pan-Germanism, had become characteristic for the professors and no longer built a bridge to foreign countries.

• •

"That our worthy society for decades allowed itself to be convinced in all its national papers, by all sorts of pensioned generals, that the peace movement was mere stupidity is deplorable to the highest degree. If I, as a professor of international law, expressed my opinion on strategic problems no one would take me seriously, but when it was a question of problems of international law and the development of an international system of justice, it was in reality the opinions of old generals which decided the reflections of the public. Just here lie the roots of the general agitation against German militarism.

"In none of the writings of German scholars which the author has hitherto set eyes on has it been recognized that all the practical love of peace which Germany has displayed for forty-four years has, in the public opinion of foreign countries, not been able to make good the harm done abroad by Germany's attitude towards the theoretical movement, which aimed at arming for peace instead of war. Who, of all the professors, who have signed proclamations and written war pamphlets, knows anything at all about the extent to

which Germany just in this matter gave offence to the foreign Powers at The Hague Conferences ?”

“Again and again,” Schücking continues further on in his article, “it is emphasized that foreign countries begrudge us our economic position, and at the same time the fact is easily overlooked that our whole constitutional system places us in opposition to those peoples of the same race which—as, for instance, the Norwegians—have no reason to look at us from just the point of view of the economic rival. Tsarism is unsympathetic to us, but foreign countries are just as disagreeably impressed by the principle of authority in our German constitutionalism.”

The manifesto *An die Kulturwelt* will remain in history as a deplorable expression of a national militarist spirit, methodically fostered for long ages, which at the decisive moment ran away with even the clearest intellects. However, for a correct appreciation of the manifesto, we must not neglect to bear in mind an article which appeared in the *Berliner Tageblatt* for March 13, 1916, and in which we

are informed that many of the signatories gave their names without seeing the text, and that some of them—e.g. Ehrlich and Wassermann—would not have signed it had they seen it.

VII. THE ENEMIES OF GERMANY

IN the spring of 1915 the large Vienna newspaper *Die Zeit* applied to various politicians, artists, and scholars in belligerent and neutral countries requesting them to answer the question, "Why has Germany so many enemies in the world?"

Such a question would hardly have been brought forward in a German newspaper; in any case it would scarcely have been the subject of such an inquiry. An Austrian paper, on the other hand, could indulge in this little open stroke of malice. The paper prefaced its inquiry by the following remark: "The course of the war hitherto has made the fact clear, which in many respects seems surprising, that Germany has more enemies abroad than was supposed before the war; and not only enemies in the countries with which our faithful ally is at war, but also enemies—or at least not exactly friends—amongst the population of neutral nations."

The paper now wished to try and induce

people in various camps and of various nationalities to express an opinion as to the possible reasons for the general lack of sympathy towards the allied State, and on Sunday, April 4, the replies received were printed.

These were of very varied character and very varied value. In none of them was any doubt expressed as to the correctness of the question. They all took it for granted that Germany and German ways are not loved by other nations.

"Let them hate us," writes one contributor : "*Viel Feind, viel Ehr*" ("Many enemies, much honour"). Another replied briefly, quoting the old Latin words : "*Oderint dūm metuant*" ("Let them hate if they fear us"). Germany does not possess the smile which evokes love ; but it does not seem to attach much importance to being loved.

Apart from these few laconic replies, most of the contributors made an honest attempt to discover the reasons why Germany encounters such dislike in other countries, and, it need scarcely be said, the reasons discovered were, of course, particularly flattering to Germany. The general refrain was : "If people cannot

bear us, it is first and foremost out of envy and jealousy: we are too thorough and efficient; our affairs are too well organized, so people fear us, and hate accompanies fear; moreover, foreigners to a large extent lack the capacity to understand and appreciate the German nature." A single contributor especially emphasized Germany's enormous vitality, its will to live, and added the following characteristic remark: "To hate Germany is not a sign of a healthy national sentiment, and it cannot be justified either ethically, morally, or practically."

I now give a translation of several replies which in various respects seem to me specially typical. Hoffrat Albert Frankfurter, Director-General of the Austrian Lloyd, writes:

"The Germans by their iron diligence, their methodical thoroughness, their strict honesty, their indefatigable longing for culture, their self-sacrificing devotion to the whole, and their unbending discipline, have long since become the teachers of the world. But just as it is the case in everyday life that the schoolboy sees in his master an enemy, so it is in the life of nations: the recognition of the fact that

German ways are without equal in the whole world has aroused in many nations a feeling of aversion to the German people, which is due to fear of Germany's superiority and a confession of their own weakness."

Feldmarschalleutnant Franz Rieger writes : " Germany has so many enemies in the world on account of its excellent qualities. F. von Schiller says, ' The world loves to blacken whatever is bright and shining, and to drag the sublime down into the dust. Everything which towers up into the air will always be attacked. Socrates had to empty the cup of poison, Christopher Columbus was put in fetters, Jesus Christ was nailed to the Cross.' "

A single contributor, the well-known Wagner singer Amalie Friedrich-Materna, observes with regret that she also has found that Germany is not loved abroad ; but it is impossible for her to understand the reason. " I have travelled a good deal," she writes ; " I have made many observations and acquired copious experience ; I have likewise had an opportunity to make the acquaintance of many foreign nations ; and I have made no mistake as to the fact that the Germans in general

cannot flatter themselves that they are particularly liked abroad. But the reason for this I have never been able to discover, although I tried from the very beginning to trace it. And to this day I am not able to solve this riddle of international psychology. Perhaps a foreigner, who possesses the necessary impartiality, would be the best to show the causes."

Amongst those who answered the inquiry of *Die Zeit* there were two Scandinavians. The one was Professor Otto Nordenskjöld of Gothenburg. He gave as his opinion that the hatred of Germany was based on Germany's economic superiority and on the great increase in its foreign trade. The other was the author of the present book. I quote my reply in full: "Before I answer the question you ask, in order to avoid any misunderstanding, I will first remark that I have a lively sense of the debt of gratitude I owe to German science and thought and that I take pleasure in the very friendly relations which exist between many excellent colleagues in Germany and myself. My case is in reality that of a large part, perhaps the largest part, of my countrymen. But we Danes cannot forget: That Germany

dismembered Denmark in 1864 and has since that time ruled by force in the Danish part of South Jutland ; that Germany in 1878 arbitrarily set aside Paragraph 5 of the Peace of Prague, which promised that the Danish part of South Jutland should be restored to Denmark on the ethnological principle ; that Germany in some of its geographical school-books in most common use (H. A. Daniel and E. von Seydlitz) has completely annexed our country, and that the motto of the Pan-German periodical *Heimdal* begins with the words "*Von Skagen bis zur Adria.*" *

"Why has our neighbour, stronger than ourselves, continually wounded our self-respect ? A nation which demands, in such a measure as does the German people, that its rights shall be respected must also know how to respect those of other nations.

"We Danes are of opinion that progress in civilization is not made through the compulsory hegemony of a single nation, but by the free development of individuality, both within each particular nation and in international intercourse."

* "From the Skaw (Denmark) to the Adriatic."—*Translator's note.*

VIII. TO ANNEX OR NOT TO ANNEX ?

SHALL we annex ? That is a question which for a long time has set people thinking in Germany ; it has been discussed from all possible points of view, and has been answered, now in the affirmative, now in the negative ; in most cases, however, with a downright, exulting, and victoriously proud " Yes."

A direct appeal has even been made to the German Chancellor with regard to the question of annexation. On May 20, 1915, six large German companies or economic unions addressed to him a request to lay claim, on the conclusion of peace, to Belgium, part of the north and east of France, a large part of Poland, and the Baltic provinces. •

Later the executive of the Conservative Party expressed their opinion in the same sense, and urged that it was in agreement with the German nation in its entirety when it demanded that the war should be continued

until a lasting peace could be concluded, which would give a firm basis for the future of Germany, and it would therefore defend all the annexations which should be necessary to attain this object.

Quite opposed views have, however, also been expressed. The recently formed society *Neues Vaterland*, which in the midst of the huge chaos of seething chauvinism seems to represent common sense and calm reflection, protested to the Chancellor against the far-reaching leanings towards annexation, and described them as dangerous to the empire. The protest is to be found in a little book which it seems to be very difficult to get hold of, as the Government is unwilling that it should come into too many hands; fortunately it has appeared in a Swedish translation, with the title *Skola vi annektera?* and published at Stockholm (*Svenska Andelsförlaget*). The treatise merits the greatest attention; it bears excellent testimony to the author's many-sided knowledge, his penetrating thought, and humane outlook. He examines the plans of annexation from political, economic, industrial, historical, and social

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points of view, and makes a decided stand against all thought of annexation. I give in translated form a few extracts, which may claim to be of more than ordinary interest; they sum up the author's observations as to the hostile attitude which would be taken up in the occupied territories themselves and in neutral countries in case of annexation.

"It is clear that in the annexed French territories we must reckon with a population which feels deadly hatred towards us. It is just in a part of the districts on the French frontier that anti-German nationalism even in peace-time was especially strongly represented. They would there resist by all means every attempt at Germanization, and for several generations we should not be able to expect that anything like tolerable conditions could be created.

"In Belgium the same holds good of the population as in France. The Belgians, who are inspired with a profound hatred of the Germans, would cause the German Administration all kinds of difficulties and regard treason as a merit.

"In Germany one often hears the opinion

expressed that from the Flemings in Belgium we should obtain sympathy, on which we could rely against the Walloons. This is dangerous self-deception. It is certain that the Flemings in Belgium have for many years struggled to get their national rights recognized. They would undoubtedly have been glad many times to find support in Germany for their cultural aspirations; but they have had but little success. Now during the war the little mutual understanding which did exist has in practically all of them yielded place to an unlimited resentment at our invasion and the devastation of the land.

“The decisive factor, however, is that both Frenchmen and Belgians in their outlook on life and practical tradition stand in the most marked opposition to the forces which control public life in Germany. On the basis of a past which can tell of the struggles for centuries of independent citizens' guilds against the princely power, under the influence of the French Revolution and of French legislation, helped on by a liberal constitution and democratic laws, the whole people has habituated itself to an entirely democratic way of

thinking, in spite of the strong influence of the Catholic Church and the Clerical party. The German Administration would incessantly come into conflict with the democratic traditions of the country. German order, with its classification and its subordination, often appears both to Frenchmen and Belgians as an insupportable tyranny. Our bureaucracy can undoubtedly accomplish various excellent things, but it can certainly not win sympathy in foreign countries. In some districts a part of the population is not only liberty-loving, but it is also defiant and inclined to violent conduct. The inevitable complications, which would assume especially acute forms on account of the lack of mutual understanding, would, of course, be exploited politically.

“If Germany annexes Belgium, it will for long ages have the whole world as its enemy, even those States which are still neutral and comparatively well disposed towards us.

“We make these statements with full confidence as to their accuracy, as members of our society in neutral countries have been able to observe the influence of the Belgian question on the feelings and attitude of neutrals. The

Government will certainly receive similar information from its representatives abroad. Should this, however, not be the case, it can only be explained by the fact that they have not had an opportunity to associate with neutral foreigners in such a way that they expressed their opinion unreservedly to them ; for a certain measure of intimacy and friendliness is requisite before one can learn the truth.

“ Our experience tells us, and without any kind of reserve, that the violation of Belgian neutrality almost everywhere made an overwhelmingly strong impression on neutrals, and that this impression, even after the ten months which have passed, has not grown weaker, but that, on the other hand, it has grown stronger to a deplorable extent.

“ But this impression will be further strengthened, and it would be kept alive for a long time, if Germany on the conclusion of peace carried through the annexation of Belgium.

“ By the annexation of Belgium, Holland would feel itself directly menaced. The Dutch Government has hitherto maintained strict

neutrality. The population also, in particular the upper classes, but also the trade unions, try in word and deed to observe the duties of neutrality. But all this must not make us forget that feeling is in general not favourable to us, and that it has become more unfavourable to us under the impression of Belgium's fate and of submarine warfare. If we were to annex Belgium, feeling would become absolutely hostile to us, not because the Dutch feel especial sympathy for Belgium (the contrary is rather the case), but because the fate of Belgium would throughout the land be regarded as a *mene tekel* for Holland.

"The annexation of Belgium would produce a similar effect in Switzerland to that in Holland; it would certainly be of a milder kind on account of the pro-German leanings of many German-Swiss; but, on the other hand, it would be made more acute by the marked anti-German feelings of the Swiss of Latin extraction. But most German-Swiss, in spite of their German sympathies, feel that Belgium's fate is something that directly concerns them and their Swiss neutrality.

"The impression produced in the countries

most directly concerned would also spread to the Scandinavian countries. In Denmark and Norway we must, in spite of the neutrality of these countries, reckon with a strong undercurrent which is unfriendly to us, or rather friendly to England. Through the annexation of Belgium it would become directly hostile to us. In Sweden conditions are somewhat more favourable to us on account of the natural antagonism between Sweden and Russia. But apart from a very small number of pronounced pro-Germans in markedly Conservative and military circles, who follow Germany through thick and thin, no Swede will approve of the annexation of Belgium. The majority would be indignant and, like Dutch and Swiss, Danes and Norwegians, see in it a sign that the independence of small States and the freedom of Europe were threatened by a German policy of conquest.

“Hitherto we have with a clear conscience been able to reject this idea, by which our enemies have made Germany suspected throughout the whole world; the Kaiser also did the same in his speech from the throne, and we shall continue to do so; if we annex Belgium,

confidence will vanish. In the case of the only Great Power which is still neutral, the United States, the Belgian question plays just the same part in the feelings of the people as in Europe.

“Most members of our society know what a strong impression the violation of Belgian neutrality made on the majority of Americans—even on the pro-Germans, although, of course, here, as everywhere, there are exceptions. It is extraordinarily difficult to make the demands of the right of necessity comprehensible to the Americans. Later on feeling in the United States became still more unfavourable. In spite of the efforts of the German-Americans and the Irish in the opposite direction, it is still influenced by English agitation and by the large Anglo-American Press.

“The annexation of Belgium would in all countries be regarded as an outrage against a free people, which is completely innocent in the terrible fate it has met with, and it would in all quarters where prejudice is already so strong against us produce a deplorable effect, which would certainly be of long duration.

Of course indignation cannot maintain itself for years equally strong and lively. But the annexation would create a state of affairs of such a nature that, as we have already indicated, it would continually produce fresh conflicts. The population in the annexed countries and our foes abroad would certainly see to it that the world should be filled afresh with lamentation and wrath until the day of retribution, when we should have to wage war against a new, powerful coalition in a world full of enemies."

These bold words bear witness not only to courage, but also to a singularly humane manner of thinking and to a sober power of observation. They seem so absolutely obvious that one is amazed that their correctness can be even discussed.

Another very powerful protest against all thought of annexation was made in *Blätter für zwischenstaatliche Organisation* (September, 1915) by Pastor Umfried of Stuttgart. He writes :

"The whole German people is united in the idea that the terrible sacrifices which this fearful war has imposed on us can only be

made up for by a peace that has prospects of lasting for several generations. But opinion is divided as soon as the question is asked as to how this goal is to be reached.

"Many believe that a lasting peace can only be attained by weakening our antagonists so greatly that they are entirely annihilated, and by an extension of the German sphere of power. And, starting from this conception, people have come upon the idea of increasing the territory of the empire by large annexations, without paying any attention to the fact that in this way a large number of sacred human rights would be crushed, and that the oppression of peoples who speak foreign tongues can only be carried out at the expense of arousing hatred in those oppressed and in their defenders.

"Many intellectual circles emphatically maintain that if we always stick to the systematic way of brute force, we shall never attain a really lasting peace. Moreover, the value of treaties must be doubted, since they can be annulled by deliberation and force.

"An enemy who was prevented from ravaging our country would, when he had

pondered the matter, see in this only a just rejection of an unreasonable claim, or at least an inevitable dispensation of fate ; but at the same time he would regard the occupation of his own country as a crying injustice.

“ The objection which might at once be made, namely, that if the enemy were victorious he would not shrink from annexation, does not go to the bottom of the question, for the evil intentions of a neighbour cannot justify injustice on our part. When we take up a superior moral point of view, we must protest with the same determination against the desire to annex of our antagonist as against that of our own State. . . .

“ We beg the German people to bear in mind the Kaiser's words at the historic sitting of the Reichstag on August 4, 1914 : ‘ It is not the desire for conquest which urges us on ’ ; and the words of the Chancellor : ‘ The wrong we are doing to Belgium we shall atone for when our military object is attained.’

“ However strange it sounds, the best support for our view is given by the man who in the eyes of the world represents all *Deutschtum*, General Bernhardi. In his book about

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'Our Future' he says literally: 'Of course there cannot be any talk of a policy of conquest; it would run counter to the spirit of our age and to our real interests. For in Europe we could only conquer territories whose population would be hostile to us.' That is also our opinion. What would become of the community of civilization of the nations, which has also been a blessing to our nation, if we created an impassable gulf between ourselves and the rest of the civilized world? "

The point of view of the two German authors coincides with that set forth by Alphonse Daudet in his moving little story of 1871, "The Siege of Berlin." It deals with an old French general who lives under the illusion that it is the French army which has invaded Germany and is threatening Berlin. The general believes that his son, who is an officer, is taking part in the French invasion; he writes to him continually, and in his letters sets forth his political observations. He speaks of the conditions of peace, and here he is not exacting; he demands only the costs of the war, nothing else: "Why should we take land from them?" he writes. "After

all, we cannot transform a piece of Germany so that it will become French " (*" Est-ce qu'on peut faire de la France avec de l'Allemagne ? "*).

That is just it. Annexation, of whatever nature it may be, violates the most primitive right of man, and is therefore an outrage of the most hideous kind. It brings only sorrow and despair, without its being able in any sphere to create advantages which can outweigh the misery. Once for all, Frenchmen cannot be transformed into Germans nor Germans into Frenchmen ; every attempt to do so will be quite hopeless, and in the name of humanity all ought to protest against it as discreditable. How can one even call our age the age of liberty, as long as there are oppressed nations or parts of nations ? The simple thesis that a Government exists for the people, and not vice versa, does not seem to have attained general comprehension and recognition yet. And nevertheless, one would think that it ought to be so absolutely obvious to everybody. The government only exists for the sake of the people, and its first task is to create bright and happy conditions of life for the single individuals. How long will

there still be intelligent beings who defend the view which, for instance, Professor Schäfer maintained so energetically against Troels-Lund, and which he expressed in the following words: "In our century, that of the formation of the national State, it has become an article of faith—which is certainly a mistake—that every nation has also the right to form a national State."

We can find moving evidence as to the effect produced by an annexation, even before it is finally completed, by reading the declaration made by representatives of Alsace-Lorraine in the French National Assembly on February 16, 1871. I give a complete translation of this rare document:

"We, the undersigned French citizens, elected and sent by the departments of the Lower and Upper Rhine, Moselle, Meurthe, and the Vosges, to make known to the National Assembly of France the absolute determination of the population of Alsace-Lorraine, have after common deliberation decided to set forth in a solemn declaration the sacred and inviolable rights of this population, in order that the National Assembly, France, Europe, when

they see the wishes and demands of our constituents, may not perform nor allow to be performed any act which might infringe the rights that we have been expressly entrusted to defend and preserve.

“ DECLARATION

“ I

“ Alsace and Lorraine do not wish to be ceded. United to France for more than two hundred years, in good and evil times, these two provinces, which have been incessantly exposed to hostile attack, have faithfully sacrificed themselves to defend the honour of the nation ; with their blood they have sealed the covenant which indissolubly joins them to France as a whole.

—“ Made the subject of strife by the claims of a foreign people, they confirm this very day, despite all dangers and difficulties—nay, under the very yoke of the invading enemy—their unshakeable fidelity.

“ Both the citizens who have remained at home and those who have joined the colours proclaim in complete concord, to Germany and

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the whole world—the first by giving their votes, the second by fighting—the unshakeable determination of Alsace-Lorraine to remain French.

“ II

“ France can neither approve nor sign the surrender of Alsace-Lorraine.

“ France cannot herself give the death-blow to her unity.

“ France cannot, without danger to the existence of the nation, abandon those who by the self-sacrificing patriotism of two hundred years have earned the right to be defended by the whole kingdom against the encroachments of the victorious Power.

“ No assembly, even if elected by universal suffrage, could assert that it had authority to agree to claims which are destructive to the entirety of the nation. It would in that case assume a right, which as yet does not pertain to a popular assembly. And those who made themselves responsible for an encroachment which would have as its result the mutilation of the common mother, would be handed over to the severe judgment of history.

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" France can bear the hard blows of brute force, but she cannot approve its decision.

" III

" Europe can neither allow nor recognize the surrender of Alsace-Lorraine.

" As the protectors of international law and of justice, the civilized nations can no longer remain uninterested in the fate of France—unless they wish to be exposed in the future to an aggression to which they themselves once closed their eyes. Modern Europe cannot wish to allow that violent hands should be laid on a whole people, as if it were a contemptible mob—it cannot remain silent to the repeated protests of the menaced nations, and it owes it to its own existence to forbid such abuse of power. Moreover, it knows that an entire and un mutilated France now, as formerly, is a guarantee of the order of the world, a bulwark against conquest and invasion. A peace which involves the surrender of territory will only be a destructive truce and not a final peace. It will be the cause of internal unrest in all nations, a continual and justified instigation to war.

“Alsace-Lorraine makes an unreservedly energetic protest against all surrender. France will not be able to consent to a surrender, nor Europe to recognize it. Relying on this, we make our fellow-citizens in France and all governments and peoples our witnesses, that we shall in advance regard every treaty or agreement which should consent to a complete or partial surrender of Alsace-Lorraine as null and void—without regard to the fact whether such a treaty was confirmed by a referendum or by an elected assembly.

“We hereby solemnly maintain to each and all the right of the population of Alsace-Lorraine to remain French citizens, and we swear in the names of our constituents, of our children and posterity and of ourselves, to maintain this right against the tyrants to all time and in all possible fashions.”

Then follow the names of the thirty-six signatories, of whom the best known are Léon Gambetta and Scheurer-Kestner.

The declaration we have quoted is an historic document of the greatest interest both from a political and a general, human point of view. It is at the same time a proud and a fascinating

expression of the profound grief which seized the population of the two provinces at the thought of having to be separated from the Motherland.

Every one who reads it now will not only feel touched by the enthusiastic affection for their country which breathes from it, but also, keeping in view the events of the last two years, confirm the accuracy of the observations made. It is a document which is still of interest at present and from which many a good lesson may yet be derived.

The manifesto is a striking expression of the proclamation of the rights of man for which France, amongst all the nations of the earth, is to this very day the most eloquent spokesman. Oppression of foreign nations, annexation of foreign territory, are crimes against humanity. If these sacred principles are not established, the atrocity of war will never cease. May might never triumph again in these matters!

But the cry for liberty and autonomy for every nation, which now resounds from all the countries of the world, will be heard. The principle of nationality must be victorious

otherwise life will not be worth living. Even in Germany people are beginning to understand the incompatibility of the principle of annexation with modern civilization. To the two German expressions of opinion which I have quoted I will add a third, which concerns South Jutland. It is by one of Germany's most celebrated philologists, Professor Hugo Schuchardt of Graz. In the periodical *Wissen und Leben*, published at Zurich, he wrote an open letter to the editor, Dr. E. Bovet.

In this letter he makes penetrating observations about present conditions in Europe. He is sublime and paradoxical by turns. He is unfavourable to and shows no appreciation of the idea of a United States of Europe, but he is a zealous advocate of the single nation's historic rights.

About the future, he says, every one may think as he likes. If we dream of victory, we ought to dream not only of taking but also of giving. Whereupon he refers to South Jutland in the following beautiful words :

“ Whilst the South was the goal, first of our warriors, later of our artists and poets, the North was after all our cradle, and its

cradle-songs still echo in our ears. We hope that no discord will come to us from the North, and we therefore desire from the depths of a sincere German heart—nay, we therefore dream—that a very small piece of land on our northern frontier may be given back to its former owners. To lose would in this case certainly be to gain.”

IX. ARRESTED SCHOLARS

IT is well known that various Belgian university professors have been arrested and sent to Germany. It is likewise well known that the first upon whom the wrath of Governor-General von Bissing descended were the two historians Henri Pirenne and Paul Frédéricq, famous all over Europe. With regard to the arrest of Pirenne, the *Indépendance belge* gave the following dramatic explanation. Herr von Bissing had offered to Pirenne the position of Vice-Chancellor of the University of Ghent. In an interview which followed, Pirenne expressed his willingness to accept the nomination, but he made one condition. When the Governor inquired what the condition was, Pirenne replied: "I desire that my appointment shall be signed by His Majesty Albert I, King of Belgium." This was the proud reply which is said to have led to the arrest of Pirenne.

Whether this account is correct or not, no

one knows.* It is quite possible that it is all imagination, and the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt*, in an article translated into Danish in the *Berlingske Tidende* for May 17, 1916, denies it most emphatically. This article is, however, arranged in such a way that those readers who are not thoroughly familiar with the many both complicated, singular, and interesting questions which are connected with the University of Ghent, will certainly carry away a one-sided and incorrect view of the whole matter. I will therefore give a brief historical account of the same.

Belgium is a country in which two languages are spoken, French and Flemish. French has always played the predominant part, but ever since the Renaissance the Flemings have fought eagerly to obtain the use and recognition of their language side by side with French. Particularly in recent times the champions of the Flemish language, the so-called "Flamingants," have displayed very considerable activity, which can already point to great results. With regard to this remark-

* The Author now regards this account as inaccurate.—
Translator's note.

able linguistic struggle, I must refer the reader to an article of my own, printed in the illustrated work *Belgien*, published by V. Pios Forlag. Here I will only draw attention in general to the fact that the existence of the two languages has produced numerous difficulties, especially in education, both higher and lower.

At the universities the language for instruction was exclusively French, except at Ghent; in 1911, 248 series of lectures were held here, and in twenty-four of these Flemish was used. They were largely practical classes in law and philology. But these conditions were far from satisfying the Flamings. They had long had their attention fixed on the great difficulties which the almost exclusive use of French might give rise to; and these difficulties became especially acute when the University of Ghent showed itself willing to meet the demands for more popular methods of teaching which appeared almost simultaneously everywhere in Europe. It turned out that at the popular lectures followed by question-time, at visits to museums and demonstrations, the linguistic difficulties were

so great that they prevented any intimate contact between speaker and audience.

The Flamingants also pointed out that the great majority of the students consisted of Flemings, and several times firm demands were therefore made for the erection of an entirely Flemish university.

In support of this movement, which encountered strong opposition, especially on the part of high Belgian ecclesiastics, a series of scientific congresses for medicine, law, and history was held annually, partly at Antwerp, partly at Ghent.

These congresses, which found more and more support, led to the idea of erecting a new and exclusively Flemish university at Antwerp, which is in all respects the centre of Flemish culture. This plan, which made large economic demands, failed, however, as soon as it was scrutinized more closely, and was not taken up again afterwards.

The Flamingants then kept entirely to their old, favourite idea of transforming the University of Ghent into a purely Flemish university, and in March, 1911, they brought in a Bill, the first paragraph of which ran: "At the

University of Ghent all lectures are to be held in Flemish." This Bill caused much commotion and was the subject of heated debate. The majority objected to its radical character, and in the month of April a new Bill was brought in from another quarter. This provided that the two languages were to be recognized as having the same status and the same rights, and that the number of professors, where it was necessary, should be doubled. The French lectures were to be retained, but along with them lectures in Flemish were to be delivered in such a degree as might be required by the students.

After the occupation the Germans favoured in every way the Flemish movement, in order to drive a wedge between the Flemings and the Walloons, and on December 31, 1915, the Governor-General issued a decree which enacted that Flemish should be the language of instruction at the University of Ghent. This decree was received with great enthusiasm—by the German Press on the spot, which trumpeted it abroad that the Flemish population was enraptured, as the Government was thus meeting their wishes. The real facts are,

however, quite different. All Flemings absolutely refused to receive anything whatsoever from the hand of the enemy ; even the most zealous Flamingants looked with disfavour on the erection of a Flemish university under present conditions, and they addressed to the Governor-General a very energetic protest, ending with the following independent words, which bear witness to the fact that the Flemings are not disposed to submit, and that they feel undiminished confidence in the future :

“ How would history judge us Flemings, if we, at a time when our soldiers are still fighting against yours in the trenches, were to accept from the hands of the conquerors any gift whatsoever, even if this gift might seem to desire to make amends for the injustice of former times ?

“ We belong to a people which has always wanted to see to its own affairs in its own country.

“ We therefore beg Your Excellency to subject our appeal to careful and serious scrutiny, and if the present plan is really intended to be carried out, we hope that our arguments will seem to you of so grave a

nature that all further work on the same will be stopped, and we express this hope in the interest of the Flemish cause itself.

"However difficult circumstances may be, it is best that the present authorities should have no doubt whatsoever concerning our opinion, and that they should not live under the delusion that as regards our international position there exists the least difference of opinion between Flemings and Walloons. Thus, as one of our supporters recently said at a public meeting held under the auspices of the Town Council of Antwerp, the independence of the Belgian nation is the only point of view from which Flemings and Flamings can regard the matter."

Amongst the signatories were : Paul Frédéricq, professor at the University of Ghent and director of the Willems Foundation ; Van Neuben, director of the David Foundation and vice-president of the Belgian Press Union ; Julian de Vriendt, director of the Royal Academy of Art ; Karel Adriaenssens, president of the Teachers' Union ; A. Vermeyleen professor at the University of Brussels and member of the Commission for the Flemish

University ; Léonard Willens, judge at the Superior Court and president of the Flemish Union at Ghent ; Louis Franck, deputy-president of the Flemish Jurists' Union and member of the Commission for the Flemish University ; Jan de Vos, mayor of Antwerp ; A. Cools, town councillor of Antwerp ; F. Cleynhens, canon and dean of the Church of Our Lady in the same town, etc.

I have given in detail the rank in civil life and the domicile of several of the signatories, in order to show that the protest represents most completely the party which before 1914 strove to obtain for Flemish culture honour and respect alongside French. All the leading men of the Flamingant movement gave their signature. Here are politicians, journalists, communal officials, jurists, priests and teachers, artists and scholars. There is not lacking one member of the commission which before the war was appointed to prepare the transformation of the University of Ghent, nor is there missing one of the directors of the two great foundations erected in memory of the two men who created the modern Flamingant movement, and which bear their names.

As we have seen, the protest of the Flemings left nothing to be desired in the way of clearness, and the university could in reality not work, because both professors and students were lacking. However, the rumour was spread that the former professors had consented to lecture in Flemish, but this has proved to be a mere invention. Four—no more and no less—offered their services, and amongst these there was only one Belgian, G. de Vreese, who as early as 1914 had supported separatist movements and stood in close relations with the pro-German Press. The three others were foreigners: Stöber was born in Germany, Hoffmann in Luxemburg, and Hogemann in Holland.

The firm conduct of the university professors in the matter of von Bissing's decree, and the way in which they refused to have anything to do with it, naturally produced strained relations, which finally brought about the arrest of the two most influential professors. This brutal behaviour, on the part of the Governor-General, produced a still firmer union of all university teachers. They declared they would stand or fall with their arrested col-

leagues, whose cause they made their own, and they sent to the Governor-General a communication, of which I give a complete translation :

“The undersigned professors and lecturers at the University of Ghent, who for the moment are in this town, take the liberty of making known to Your Excellency what a very painful impression has been made on them by the measure taken with regard to two of their most eminent and most esteemed colleagues, Paul Frédéricq and Henri Pirenne.

“Your Excellency knows that these two respected professors have been suddenly arrested and sent to Germany, and their colleagues ask themselves in vain what can have brought down on them this severe treatment. You are not unaware that Professors Pirenne and Frédéricq are scholars of very considerable merit, whose fame has passed beyond the frontiers of our land.

“Professor Frédéricq, whose voluminous historical works are known all over Europe, is especially esteemed in Holland, and on account of the great services he had rendered to

scientific research in that country, the Royal Academy of Amsterdam rewarded him by electing him one of its members. He is, besides, an honorary member of other foreign societies and *doctor honoris causa* of the Universities of Marburg and Geneva.

“ Professor Pirenne is one of the leaders in mediæval history. He published his large ‘ History of Belgium ’ simultaneously in French and German, and after the publication of this work he received everywhere in Germany many expressions of sympathy and admiration ; he was appointed a corresponding member of the Academies of Vienna, Munich, Göttingen, etc., and was likewise made an honorary doctor of Leipzig and Tübingen.

“ They both live for their studies, they are both conscientious university teachers, and both citizens of indisputable integrity. •

“ As regards the obligations of university teachers to the occupying Power, and how these obligations can be reconciled with the duties which patriotism imposes, the view that these hardly tried colleagues have urged is in complete agreement with ours.

“ Your Excellency will undoubtedly under-

stand how to appreciate the spirit of solidarity which in this case unites all those who belong to the university, and which joins them together in one large family. You will understand that all feel themselves affected by the measure which has borne so heavily upon two of them. It will not escape your notice that the feeling which inspires the University of Ghent will be everywhere shared by all scholars, amongst whom Frédéricq and Pirenne enjoy so great a reputation."

This communication led to fresh arrests, but thereby the prospects of a Flemish University of Ghent were, of course, not improved, and the unbreakable unity and fearless behaviour of the Belgian scholars has everywhere evoked profound sympathy, admiration, and respect. Even in an occupied country there are spheres where might and violence are not right, where no conqueror will be able to enforce his will.

The assertion of the Germans, so often repeated, that their occupation was favourably viewed by the Flemings, who only longed to be freed from Belgian tyranny, has been most

energetically refuted by the Flemings themselves. The whole plan is a complete failure, in that the Flemings have shown themselves singularly insensible to the administrative blessings of German civilization. The enemy has again run his head against Belgian unity.

X. ITALY UNDER THE YOKE

THE many who love Italy, the many who feel that they owe a deep debt of gratitude to this wonderful country, with its beauty and sunny cheerfulness, in which they forgot cares and troubles, and where life was a daily feast of the eye and mind—they all felt last year a painful sting in their breast at the news that Italy had joined the belligerent Powers. They trembled in their hearts at the impossible thought that the barbarism of war might reach Venice, Verona, Florence, Siena. And yet the impossible, the unthinkable had become reality, both in Belgium and in France. Why should Italian towns escape the fate which had overtaken Louvain, Malines, Ypres, Dixmude, Rheims, Arras; Soissons, Seaulis, etc. ?

It is now over a year since war was declared. The Italian army has not only defended the frontiers of the country, but has also entered the territory of the enemy, and hitherto no air bombardment has done any serious damage

to the cities of North Italy. There would thus have been good reason both to speak and write about Italy, but here in the north a striking silence has been universally maintained.

This silence, which has amazed and saddened all friends of Italy, is no doubt due to very diverse reasons; I shall only lay stress on two of them here. It is partly because the operations of war have proceeded with extraordinary slowness, since they take place under natural conditions of incredible difficulty; partly because, as far as I know, there does not exist in Italy any central organization which aims at guiding public opinion abroad. Italy carries on practically no propaganda outside its own frontiers.

Of course this does not mean that there is no Italian war literature. On the contrary. The contribution of the Italians is very considerable, but in all its essentials exclusively calculated for Italian readers. As far as I can form an idea of this war literature, it has two main objects: it tries to explain why Italy is at war, and it gives an account of how the war has been carried on up to the present.

In this chapter I shall scrutinize a few of the chief points of view which have been upheld in Italy, and which have been and still are decisive for the attitude of the country.

It was on June 2, 1915, that Salandra delivered his proud oration at the Capitol of Rome; he here gave an account of Italy's political position and expressed himself in enthusiastic, confident words about the war just begun. From this there would result a greater, stronger, and still more respected Italy—an Italy which with renewed strength could return to the fruitful rivalry of peace as a champion of liberty and justice in the world, but above all an Italy that had carried out the work of deliverance which the heroes of the liberation of Italy did not see completed.

For over a thousand years Italy was sundered and divided. Every town, every province, was a kingdom in itself, in which Italian noble families or foreign usurpers swayed the sceptre. Italy has known Norman, German, Austrian, French, and Spanish rulers. But beneath this division the idea of unity

lay and germinated. Both Dante, Machiavelli, and Cesare Borgia dreamed of it.

The eminent diplomatist Niccolò Machiavelli, who was likewise a learned humanist, an excellent historian, and an acute observer, ends his book *Il Principe* ("The Prince") with a chapter which bears the title "Appeal to free Italy from the barbarians." He complains here that his country is "without a head, without a constitution, defeated, plundered, torn to pieces, ravaged, and bowed down by thousandfold miseries." But the deliverer will come and he will be received as a Messiah: "How could I describe the affection with which he would be received in all the provinces that have suffered from the deluge of foreigners, with what a thirst for revenge, with what firm faith, with what piety, with what tears! What gates would be closed to him? What people refuse him obedience? What envy oppose him? What Italian would hesitate to follow him? Every one is disgusted by this dominion of barbarians."

After this violent outburst against the domination of the foreigner, Machiavelli expresses his confidence that there is enough

courage and strength in the Italian people to realize the idea of unity, and he quotes the old lines of Petrarch :

Virtù contro al furore

Prenderà l'arme, e fia il combatter corto :

Chè l'antico valere

Negli Italici cuor non è ancor morto.

("Against fury noble heroism will take up arms and make the struggle short : for ancient valour is not yet dead in Italian hearts.")

The deliverer was not a Borgia, as Machiavelli had hoped. Centuries passed before the work of liberation was begun. Not until the nineteenth century did the old idea of unity find vitality and reality, and after the first beginning was made, the development proceeded at a furious pace. The kingdom of Sardinia became the kernel round which the new Italy grew up. In 1859 Austria ceded Lombardy. In 1860, after Garibaldi's adventurous expedition, Naples and Sicily were liberated. In 1866, il Veneto was incorporated, and on September 20, 1870, the victorious troops of Vittorio Emanuele marched into

Rome, which now became the capital of United Italy.

In an amazingly short time the new kingdom was consolidated. Work was begun in all spheres with the greatest energy and efficiency to unite the various provinces in the firm form of a kingdom. An impressive work of unique extent has been performed in Italy since 1870—a work which has been recognized on all sides with the greatest admiration, and of which a well-informed account has been given in Denmark by C. C. Clausen in an excellent little book dealing with “The political, financial, and social history of Italy from 1870 to 1896.”

In spite of all this marvellous development, in spite of everything which had been achieved, there was still something lacking to make the realization of the idea of unity complete. They had come very near the goal, but it had not yet been reached. The political frontier of the country in the north had been considerably extended, but it was in many respects extremely unfortunate from a strategical point of view, and just beyond the political frontier there lived an Italian-speaking population of about

two millions, partly in South Tyrol, in the district called *il Trentino* from the capital Trento, the Italian form of Trent, partly farther to the south-east in the so-called *Venezia Giulia*, which includes *il Goriziano*, Trieste, and Istria. These districts are classed together under the name of *l'Italia irredenta*, i.e. the unliberated Italy, and their inhabitants are called *gli irredenti*. There was formed in the kingdom a political party, the Irredentists, whose object was to bring these territories also under the Italian crown. Not until this goal was reached would the idea of unity be finally realized.

The Irredentists at once began to carry on a very persistent propaganda, which in 1882 even led to a planned attempt at the murder of the Emperor Francis Joseph. The Triple Alliance, which was formed the same year, does not seem to have cooled the ardour of the Irredentists at all. They have continued their activity right up to our own days, and they went to work in many various ways, not only in secret, but quite openly. Thus both in home and foreign correspondence they made extensive use of post cards, which repre-

presented North Italy with a triple frontier, the political, the linguistic, and the historical. The last is likewise described as the natural one, as it probably is in most cases, since the Romans were fond of placing their political frontier where the defence, on account of natural conditions, was easiest. These post cards were intended continually to urge on Italy, continually to remind Italy and foreign countries that there still existed Italian-speaking districts which awaited their deliverance. As far as is known, this practical means of propaganda did not lead to any diplomatic protest on the part of Austria, which in itself is very surprising. From the official point of view Italy was, of course, the trusty friend and ally of Austria, but there are, after all, limits to the irritation which one can put up with even from a friend, and one wonders how the use of corresponding post cards in smaller countries—for instance, Rumania—would be received in Russia. In the course of time I have received from North Italian friends several of these Irredentist post cards.

Propaganda was also carried on in the form of literature, through schools and education,

and old patriotic poems alluding to unliberated Italy were printed in reading-books and anthologies. As an example may be mentioned Giovanni Berchet's somewhat melodramatic poem *Giulia*, dating from the forties. That it still lives and is known in wide circles is due not so much to its poetic value as to its politico-historical interest. It describes a spring day in a village of Lombardy, where seven young men are to be selected by drawing lots for military service in Austria. In addition to the young men, all their parents and brothers and sisters are present as well as the inhabitants of the district. Many witness the painful scene in silent indifference: the subjection of centuries has made them apathetic and faint-hearted; foreign tyranny has left its deep and sorrowful traces. But through the crowd advances a tall and proud woman, who loves her country and her people with passionate enthusiasm. She is filled with horror and indignation at the thought that it is not to defend Italy that the young men of Lombardy are called to arms, but to serve as bondsmen under a people with a foreign language. And her heart is about to break

when the seventh name called out, is that of her son, Carlo, who now must march away from his Motherland disgraced, wearing the hated white uniform, and must clasp the sword ground by Austria, which is to be used against Austria's enemies, perhaps—who knows?—against his own brother. The poem was utilized for the purpose of agitation; the rising generation was to be reminded that even after 1870 there were Italian mothers who had to suffer the same hard fate as Giulia and mourn like her.

Irredentist societies of various kinds tried in many ways to keep up a continuous and direct connexion with their Italian brethren across the frontier. They supported the Italian language and Italian civilization, which was partly counteracted by Austria. Wishes were expressed for the foundation of an Italian university at Trieste, but these wishes were not heard. On the other hand, there is in this entirely Italian town an Italian theatre, whose services could be utilized for propaganda. Thus when some years ago the popular but much-debated dramatist Sem Benelli had finished the historical play *La Gorgona*, he

wished that the first performance should take place at Trieste. It was to be a greeting to his subjugated countrymen across the frontier. And the first performance did take place on March 14, 1913, amidst great ovations. This patriotic demonstration awoke echoes in the whole of Italy. The Irredentists continued their propaganda still more openly and the idea of reunion grew continually in strength. A few years ago, during a stay in North Italy, I had an opportunity in various towns of conversing with many artists, scholars, and politicians, and I observed time after time that the connexion with Austria was in wide circles not merely unpopular, but absolutely hated and despised ; there was a longing for a trial of strength with Austria. More remarkable relations between allies probably never existed.

When the alliance was by Italy declared to be at an end, Irredentism had certainly a large share in it ; but it is beyond all doubt that many other and far more powerful factors contributed to the same end. In the first place must be mentioned the arbitrary action towards Serbia of Austria herself, in which

Italy from the very beginning saw a violation of the alliance.

However, it seems unquestionable that for the majority of the Italian people the war is almost exclusively a war of liberation. It is the idea of unity which is now at last to be realized, the struggle for freedom, begun in the nineteenth century and carried out by men like Cavour, Mazzini, and Garibaldi; and Vittorio Emanuele II, justly so popular, was hailed as the great deliverer who ruled Italy, now united again, from Rome, and brought to pass the dreams which the nation had dreamed for centuries.

But one jewel in the gorgeous crown of the King of Italy was still missing, a precious and valuable jewel. And it is this which Vittorio Emanuele III, the grandson of the deliverer, to the joy of all the nation, intends to try and place in his crown.

The war literature now existing refers especially to these historical circumstances. It has as its object to, make the mass of the population understand the necessity of the war, partly to inflame patriotic sentiment. And consequently it tries by all possible means to

turn the gaze of all Italians in the same direction. It is *l'Italia irredenta* that the war is about—unliberated Italy.

No Italian must be able to forget that the conquest of Trent and Trieste is the chief object of the war. No Italian must be unaware of the main events during the Austrian tyrannical rule in these towns. So at the very beginning of the war a *Diario Triestino* was issued, a sort of historical calendar, which includes "A Hundred Years of National Struggling" and takes as its starting-point the Congress of Vienna, which on June 9, 1815, decided that Trieste should belong to Austria by virtue of the conqueror's right.

A propaganda literature, giving nothing but figures and facts, would, however, hardly exercise great influence, however striking these facts might be. The problem has therefore been dealt with in another way, and reprints have been issued of the fiery lines in which Italian poets have for centuries called the people to arms to free their brethren who slaved under a foreign yoke.

In the first place must be mentioned here a little collection of poems and articles by

Giosuè Carducci, collected and edited by the celebrated literary scholar Guido Mazzoni, professor at the University of Florence, under the title *Contro l'eterno barbaro* ("Against the Everlasting Barbarian").

The title was a challenge and was intended as such — a challenge and a trumpet-call which should kindle patriotic feeling. The call against the foreign barbarian, who lurked at the frontier, was once more to echo throughout all Italy. It is well known how the greatest Italian lyric poet of the nineteenth century, the liberty-loving student of literature, the great ardent patriot, the dauntless Republican, Giosuè Carducci, had again and again warned his countrymen to be on their guard against the foreign barbarians north of the Alps. In one of his older poems we read :

*E voi, se l'Unno o se lo Slavo invade
Escovi, o figli, l'aste, ecco le spade
Morrete per la nostra libertà.*

That is, "If the Hun or the Slav invade, here, my sons, the spear, here the sword. Die for our liberty."

But time passed. Political developments

led to intimacy with Germany and Austria, the Triple Alliance was formed, German influence made itself felt everywhere in Italy—in social, literary, and economic matters—and it seemed as if, in spite of the persistent efforts of the Irredentists, complete oblivion of centuries of oppression and bitter disappointment had settled on the minds of many. Carducci's words of warning gave but a faint echo in modern Italy, and but few thought of joining in his energetic "*Stranieri, a dietro!*" ("Foreigners, stand back!").

Then came the world-war, and with it the unnatural, half-compulsory connexion with the traditional enemy was burst asunder. Now the voice of Carducci could again resound through the land, and the famous old *Società Dante Alighieri* entrusted Mazzoni with the task of collecting a selection of Carducci's most patriotic utterances. The little volume, which is sold for the benefit of the Red Cross and the families of soldiers with the colours, contains poems and speeches specially connected with events in unliberated Italy.

A chief place in the collection is occupied by Oberdan and his tragic fate. This young

native of Trieste, who had studied mathematics at Rome, had by the drawing of lots been assigned the task of killing the Emperor Francis Joseph. A traitor denounced him, and he was arrested at Friaul. As two Orsini bombs were found on him, he was tried by a court martial, sentenced to death, and hanged at Trieste on December 20, 1882. His last words were: "*Viva Triest italiana*" ("Long live Italian Trieste").

Great efforts were made to prevent this barbarous sentence from being carried out. On December 18, Victor Hugo sent the following telegram to the Emperor:

"In the last two days I have received by telegram eleven appeals from Italian universities and academies. They all beg for the life of a condemned man. The Austrian Emperor has it now in his power to grant a pardon. If he signs this pardon he will act magnanimously."

The telegram was at once published in the Italian papers, but Carducci, who knew that every appeal to the Emperor would be in vain, gave vent to his grief in an open letter to Victor Hugo, in which he protested against

his calling Oberdan a "condemned" man: "He is a confessor, a martyr for the religion of patriotism." And he concludes his passionate plea with the following words:

"No, the Emperor will not pardon him. No, O great poet, the Emperor of Austria, far from acting with magnanimity, will never even be able to perform a simple act of justice. Guglielmo Oberdan will end his young life on the scaffold, and therefore once more, 'A curse on the Emperor!' Better times are coming and the Italian flag will wave over the great arsenal of Trieste. Better times are coming, when we can celebrate his memory. Now, only silence."

After Oberdan had been executed, Carducci addressed several appeals to the Italian people which breathed revenge. He brands the Emperor in the most violent words:

"In blood he lived when young," he cries, "in blood he lives in his old age. Let us hope that he will be choked in blood, in his own. . . . We have taken Rome from the Pope, we shall take Trieste from the Emperor, the Emperor of hanged men."

Alongside this impassioned war literature,

which brands and derides the enemy, which whips patriotic sentiment to a frothing foam, there is literature of a quite different character, intended exclusively for the broad masses of the population and expressed therefore in simple, confiding, and at times quite naïve language. It does not aim at creating or maintaining any fanatical hatred, but at explaining and instructing. I will touch on a characteristic example of this pedagogic, propagandist, war literature.

The Teachers' Union (*L'Unione generale degli Insegnanti*) has published a little pamphlet, which has been spread over all Italy in hundreds of thousands of copies. It is called *La guerra dell' Italia spiegata al popolo*, and its object, as is shown by the title, is to explain to the people why Italy is at war. Everything is arranged in such a way that even the simplest intelligence can comprehend; that is why it is in the form of a dialogue.

It is out in the country. A district doctor meets a worthy peasant named Lorenzo. The peasant complains that his two grown-up sons, who might work, are at the front, whilst he is left alone with three half-grown girls and a

little boy. Misfortune always weighs on the poor. The doctor explains to him that all young men must go and fight, whether their father is a marquis or a peasant; war is a misfortune which affects every one. "But why," asks Lorenzo, "has the Government brought it on us? It is we who have declared war on Austria, and not the other way about." The doctor then explains to him by the help of metaphors and comparisons, taken from everyday life in the country, that the war was necessary not only because of the many Italians who are subjects of Austria and continually undergo brutal treatment on account of their nationality, but also because Austria had so many doubtful plans concerning Italy. Lorenzo thinks that one must be prudent with the strong. "Yes, but only to a certain degree," replies the doctor. "If the strong man is a menace to your life, the day will come when you will cast away all prudence and fight to defend yourself. Italy tried honestly to live in peace with Austria. But what did it get for this goodwill? Just imagine: the Commander-in-Chief in Austria wanted to persuade his Government to profit

by our difficult position after the earthquake at Messina and Reggio, to fall upon us and destroy us entirely by a war."

The doctor continues to explain to Lorenzo that the war had become an absolute necessity for Italy. Lorenzo is still sceptical, but the doctor advances new arguments, both political, economic, and moral. And he mingles the moral and economic reasons in a very singular manner. "We are fighting," he says, "for our rights and for justice; but right and justice are not a piece of bread to be eaten, nor a frock coat to be worn. They are something which one absolutely cannot live without, if one is a human being and not an animal; they help to secure respect in the world. And you do not mind being respected, not only because you like to walk with uplifted head, but because you know that people's good opinion is also useful in material life, and because it may damage your interests if people look down on you."

This argument naturally makes an impression on the peasant, who, like all peasants and practical people, is very calculating and has an eye to the main chance; but he con-

tinues all the same to condemn the Government and the war. The doctor then tells him about the International Court of Arbitration at The Hague, and adds :

“ Which country was it, do you think, that would not recognize it? Which country wanted war? Which country preferred this fearful slaughter of millions of men? It was Germany, the ally of Austria. And it was Germany who pushed on Austria from behind to make her begin the war. If we win now, i.e. Italy and the Allied Powers, we can ensure peace for a long time. But such precious things as peace and justice amongst the nations can only be obtained by making sacrifices, great sacrifices. One must pay for everything; there is nothing but what has its worth. It is only charlatans in the marketplace, who for two *soldi* sell you an article and at the same time tell you it is worth ten times as much. We must all make sacrifices, both young and old, so that there may now be peace on earth—peace and fraternity between all countries and justice in the relations between strong and weak.”

Finally the doctor asks Lorenzo if he has

not heard from his sons at the front, and the conversation ends in the following manner :
 " Heard from them ? Oh, yes. I must both laugh and cry over their letters. They are in excellent spirits, and they say that they are glad to fight for Italy and that they are not afraid."

" Well, there you are. In the midst of danger your boys love their country—the country which is perhaps sending them to their death. You ought to bless their courage, and to be courageous yourself. When your boys do not complain, then you ought not to do so either. Good-bye, Lorenzo."

" Good-bye, doctor. Thanks so much."

" What for ? "

" Because it has done me good to talk to you."

Italy is also at war for reasons of political economy. Industrial, commercial, and financial conditions had gradually developed in such a way that the independence of the country was dangerously threatened in many important spheres. German-Austrian expansion was about to stifle the independence of Italy. Like a dreadful nightmare it lay over

the land and prevented it from breathing freely. In the brutal struggle for life carried on between the nations, German systematic and methodical enterprise had got the upper hand of Romance carelessness.

Every one, who in the course of the last twenty years has paid even a hasty visit to Italy, cannot have failed to notice the Germanization of the country in various spheres, and every one who has lived there for some time or returned there several times could observe how this Germanization continually increased.

If one goes for a walk round the Square of St. Mark at Venice on a spring evening, one hears practically only German; in the neighbouring cafés the customers are German and in many places the waiters also. One even finds the familiar small tables with red cloths which are so characteristic of a German *Bierstube*, where they make a pleasant impression, whilst they almost seem offensive in Italy, where one wants to eat on marble. When I arrived at Verona a few years ago, I stayed at an hotel where I had been before. Then I had found it very agreeable on account

of its pronounced Italian character, but this time matters were quite different. A new landlord had come, who welcomed me with the words, "*Deutsches Haus*." In the meantime the hotel had passed into German hands, and our *Zimmermädchen* did not know a word of Italian. Many travellers in Italy have experienced ~~the same~~ change of scene in other towns.

In Florence there are large fancy shops and outfitters where all the goods are of a genuine German type which no one can mistake; German boarding-houses everywhere; in the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele itself, a large restaurant, where German beer is served and where the name "*Reinighausen*" stares in gold letters from the plate-glass windows. Similar conditions exist at Rome, where I even came across a *Gambrinusballe* in the middle of the Villa Borghese itself.

These are all things which one sees; but there is all that one does not see, and that is the most important. Foreigners cannot see how German capital in reality controls nearly all Italian industry. Nor have the Italians been able to see it. A few political economists

no doubt even before the war had their eyes open to the German danger, or, as they drastically term it, *la lue teutonica*—the Teutonic disease. But no one would quite believe them, and people shook their heads doubtfully. Now their eyes are at last opened, and G. Preziosi at the beginning of the war collected a number of his articles in a book, which he entitles *La Germania alla conquista dell' Italia* ("The German Conquest of Italy"), and which made a very great sensation on account of the equally clear and merciless way in which he reveals and depicts the real state of affairs.

As an instance of the extent to which German influence in the industrial and commercial sphere had gradually attained, reference may be made to the *Banca Commerciale d'Italia*. This bank is of comparatively recent date. As is well known, there was at the beginning of the nineties a financial crisis in Italy, as a result of which the great *Banca Romana* became bankrupt. German financiers understood how to exploit in a most advantageous way the misery which then resulted, and it was largely with German assistance that the

Banca Commerciale was founded at Milan in 1894 with a capital of 5,000,000 lire. Its paid-up capital after the lapse of over twenty years has now been extended to more than 150,000,000 lire, and its annual turnover is estimated at 800,000,000 lire.

The name of the bank is Italian. In its directorate there are fifteen Italians of distinction, marquises, senators and other politicians, but not one is really a banker. However, the directorate includes two groups; besides the Italians there are also foreigners. The foreign group consists of eighteen members, of whom the majority are Germans or Austrians. I name: Hans Schöter, director of the Dresdner Bank, Berlin; Dr. Paul von Schwabach, of the firm of Bleichröder, Berlin; Julius Blum, sub-director of the great Kreditbank of Vienna; and especially Friedrich Weil, Otto Joel, and Toepliz. As Preziosi says, it is the last three men who by their brilliant administrative qualities, superior talent, and great unscrupulousness have "knitted mesh by mesh the enormous net which Germany has spun round Italy and subjected it to its economic and political

sway. By the gigantic growth of the *Banca Commerciale* our dependence on Germany has become continually greater." Preziosi asserts emphatically that the Italian members of the directorate are only ornamental puppets; it is the Germans who possess the technical knowledge and direct the whole, and in consequence their political influence has gradually grown in an appalling degree. It was Crispi who granted the concession. If he had had the eyes of a prophet, he would certainly have strangled at its birth "this polypus which now clasps the whole Italian nation with its thousand tentacles."

Besides the *Banca Commerciale d'Italia* there are numerous companies of various kinds, *società anonime*, which to the number of about two hundred and fifty are spread all over Italy. They are financed in part by the large bank at Milan, and serve to obtain a sale for German products in Italy. It is also extremely interesting to notice that when a business needs goods, machines, or materials of one kind or another, and invites tenders, it at once receives a letter offering German goods, or with an urgent recommendation of

some large German firm or other. In many cases the letter is to be regarded as a sort of ultimatum. Either the Italian business man must give his orders to the firm indicated or else the bank stops his credit.

In this way it was made possible to send up the import of German goods enormously. Between 1907 ~~and 1911~~ the yearly imports from Germany amounted to 525,000,000 lire, those from England being 500,000,000 lire, and from France 304,000,000 lire. Electrical goods to the value of 200,000,000 lire per annum were imported, and these articles all came from the three world-firms Siemens, Brown Boveri, and A. E. G.

Gradually most large enterprises pertaining to the metal and machine industries and to shipbuilding, as well as a large number of steamship companies, e.g. *Società di Navigazione Generale Italiana*, became completely dependent on the *Banca Commerciale*, and thus in reality were subjected to German industry and German organization. A large part of the profits earned by Italian cargo-boats find their way into the pockets of German financiers.

Everywhere the same German invasion, everywhere the innumerable and powerful threads of Pan-Germanism. At Milan, Turin, Venice, Genoa, Florence, Rome, Naples, and Palermo there is a very considerable number of immigrated Germans. Many are at the head of profitable businesses, others are employees in banks and occupy positions of great responsibility; they are all active outposts of German enterprise. A humoristic writer, who, however, evidently has his attacks of bad humour, remarked not long ago that Italy was a German province, where Vittorio Emanuele III was the Governor under the dominion of the Hohenzollerns.

Many newspapers have also little by little become dependent on the bank at Milan, and by this its power has been further increased.

It is not only Italy that has been a victim to commercial Pan-Germanism. In reality we find more or less similar conditions in many other European countries. As early as ten years ago, voices were raised in Belgium which complained loudly of the economic dependence of the country in the spheres of banking and industry. Thus the *Deutsche*

Bank of Berlin had extraordinarily active branches in most large Belgian towns, and in industry there were very glaring conditions. It is sufficient to refer to the "national" small-arms factory at Herstal, near Liège; it was originally a purely Belgian concern, but gradually all the shares passed into German hands; most of them were owned by the Berlin firm of Löwe. Many mines were to a large extent in the hands of German shareholders, who could thus interfere very effectively with labour conditions in Belgium.

Germany had even stretched its tentacles to France, and in Paris many German articles were sold, though an attempt was made to give them a French appearance. More than one *société française* was run with German capital and German goods. It was especially electrical goods which were imported, and in the *Revue de Paris* for April 1, 1916, E. Boulay mentions how a German firm used to import large quantities of lamps into France. They all bore, as the law requires, the mark *Importé*, but when they had crossed the frontier this mark was removed by a chemical process.

It must be remembered, moreover, that

German industry frequently adorns its products with foreign names, that Germany manufactures *soieries de Lyon*, *gants de Grenoble*, and *bonneterie de Troyes*. But the Germans are not content with this; they counterfeit the goods of foreign countries and sell the German imitations as the genuine article. There is at Hellerup, near Copenhagen, a factory for the manufacture of silk violin-strings, an old and unique business, the only one of its kind in the world. In the years previous to the outbreak of the war, this factory suffered great loss through German firms selling their own goods under the name *Echte Kopenhagener Quinten*.

The various 'countries' art products are also counterfeited in Germany. Thus a good deal of Sèvres porcelain is manufactured at Dresden. I know also that a lady of Florence some years ago showed a Danish friend a large vase of Copenhagen porcelain. It was a present she had received, and she was very proud of it. The vase at once made a rather doubtful impression; it was burnt in pale grey and blue colours, but not the right ones, and on closer investigation it was found that

underneath there stood "Copenhagen" and various marks which are not used by any Danish porcelain factory.

Thus German wide-awakeness not only controls industrial and commercial enterprises in foreign countries. It also tries by means of counterfeit goods to compete with the national industry of these countries. Its victory in Italy would be complete on the day when one could buy at Florence Cantagalli faïence "made in Germany." But that day will not come, for people now seem to have their eyes open to the many counterfeit articles which are exported from Germany. Buyers will now have learned to be on their guard.

And in fair competition between Italian and German art industry, the innate sense of beauty of the Italians and their technique, inherited and perfected throughout many generations, will easily ensure them the victory. Scarcely any country produces more beautiful glassware, faïence, mosaics, gold and silver work than Italy. In the field of art industry the country follows its own excellent traditions. Here no foreign influence has been able to efface the national stamp. The Italians

now ask expectantly whether the war will also bring deliverance to Italian industry on the large scale, which slaves under the foreign yoke.

If in the past year of the war there has been silence here in Scandinavia on the subject of Italy, and if incorrect information has been but rarely contradicted, it is very largely Italy's own fault. The country could certainly do with organizing a more active news service, which might give an impulse towards a closer connexion with Scandinavia, and this would certainly be a mutual advantage.

Many in the countries of the North feel a longing for Italy. Relatively only a few have an opportunity of seeing the country itself. But we can cultivate its language, its literature, and the rest of its civilization in a larger measure than hitherto.

Every one who can, ought to open, as it were, a window towards Italy. He who does so will perceive round about him a soft, fragrant air which is laden with the scent of the lemon-blossoms ; his room will be filled with brilliant sunshine and with the echo of

distant mandolines and of folk-songs, mirthful beautiful, with all the freshness of life.

*Qual dolce cosa un giorno pien' di sole !
Ma un sole piu bello sorride a me
Il sole che splende negli occhi a te !*

("How sweet a thing a day filled with sunshine ! But a sun even more beautiful smiles on me—the sun which shines in your eyes.")

Through the window he will obtain a view of the most splendid landscapes and cities, and he will be able to observe the great and beautiful civilization from which our own, though indirectly, has arisen—the Italy of antiquity, the Middle Ages, and the Renaissance. And as he gazes, historic Italy will be fused with modern Italy, which continues its traditions, realizes its longings in the struggle for the unity and liberty of the country, and still preserves the creative gift of beauty of ancient days. Is not a poem by Giovanni Pascoli as perfect in form as a sonnet by Petrarch, as rich in variation as the portal of the Baptistery ? And does it not seize the mind with the same strange, entrancing power as one of the old gardens in the neighbourhood

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of Verona, Florence, or Rome, where Melancholy dreams in the long avenues of dark cypresses, at the end of which one views a marble basin, dazzlingly white and lit up with sunshine, whilst the water murmurs and purls in cool fountains and the green lizards sport in the light—one of those gardens where nature and art unite in a wonderful peaceful harmony, where the dream of beauty becomes reality ?

• All who know and love the Italy which was, all who love and know the Italy which is, look forward with hope and confidence to the Italy which will be.

XI. A GREETING FROM A FRANCISCAN TO ITALY

IN a little village which lies in the midst of the mighty Cevennes, remote from men and great cities, lives the celebrated French theological scholar Paul Sabatier. He was born in the Cevennes in 1858, and now, after many years of travel, study, and self-sacrificing labour as a priest, he has returned to his native district to spend his closing years in quiet and solitude.

The holy Francis of Assisi always exercised a fascinating influence on him. This noble apostle of charity and benevolence; of humility and self-sacrifice, was the shining ideal of his youth, and he made his pilgrimage to the little Umbrian town where St. Francis had lived and laboured. He wished not only to see the district where the wonderful cycle of legends, *Fioretti*, came into being, but also to study on the spot the life of his great and pious master. The result was the voluminous work, *Vie de Saint François d'Assise*, which

was published at Paris in 1893 and everywhere received with the greatest delight, both on account of the new scientific results it contained and on account of the poetic fervour and enthusiasm which inspired the whole narrative.

For a series of years Sabatier continued his studies at Assisi. He settled down there and received the freedom of the town. All vied with one another in honouring the foreign scholar, who had thrown new light on the life of the holy Francis, and all loved the gentle, tranquil French priest whose lofty outlook on life was so closely related to that of St. Francis himself.

Now Sabatier lives in France, in his rocky native district, but he still maintains his connexion with the Franciscans at Assisi. The outbreak of the world-war affected him violently. In his solitude he had abandoned himself to bright dreams of peace and goodwill on earth, and now he was roughly awakened from these dreams and stood perplexed and horrified at this reality. But his bright faith in the final victory of goodwill here on earth brought him safely through the

crisis, and several times in letters he sends to French, Italian, and Danish friends, he has spoken of the great mission which Providence has, in his opinion, laid on France. When Italy declared war on Austria, he was seized with tremulous joy at the thought that the two countries he loves most of all now stood together in the great struggle, and he sent to a Franciscan friend a long, enthusiastic, half-prophetic letter, which is given here in translated form. The letter contains a sacred hate, but it is above all a beautiful expression of his profound and comprehending charity, of his noble outlook on life, and of his unshaken faith in the final triumph of the good.

“To Professor Mariano Falcinelli, President of the International Union for Franciscan Research at Assisi (Italy).

“La Maisonnette,

“St.-Sauveur de Montagut (Ardèche).

“DEAR AND MOST EXCELLENT PROFESSOR FALCINELLI,—In these historic days I have with profound emotion sent you all my thoughts. Have you not felt this too? Here in my district, which for the last ten months

has seemed very quiet to me, and which did not even seem to think of celebrating the victory of the Marne, all flags were one day hoisted; and the remotest villages were adorned with innumerable Italian banners. I wish I were a poet to be able to tell you properly, my dear friends at Assisi, about the joy which your noble country has given us.

“Here in the Cevennes I have felt, in the case of many old men whose sons have summoned up all their energy for so brilliant a resistance, a satisfaction which is simple and natural for people who have so heroically sacrificed their children, and who now see a young, splendid, enthusiastic army march out to fight the same fight.

“But this material help is far from being all that we have to thank you for. I am afraid that I am not able to convey here what I feel deepest in me, and which, I know, many others have felt just as strongly. In this war, which the French people thought impossible, and which was suddenly forced on us, it rose to fight for a thought, or rather for thought itself, with an energy of which it had no idea itself, and which no one believed it capable of.

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The French people felt that it represented morality, the living soul, the spirit of creation itself, which was menaced by material and brutal forces. It went to the fight, led by instinct, with an invincible faith, without a thought of either victory or defeat.

"Its firm faith and its honest sense of duty are not dependent on circumstances. But how great does its burning zeal become, when it sees other nations rise to fight for the same idea! It has never been able to doubt of victory; for such a doubt would be to slay the divine in the people. However, it is a long way from this mystic belief in victory to victory itself, which will still be difficult to gain, but which nevertheless is very near. Thanks to you, dear brethren and friends in Italy, we have been able to cover this long way at a leap.

"All this is very complicated, and yet I am sure that we understand each other. Seized with horror at the atrocities of which accounts reached you, and led by sympathy with the many innocent victims, you desired a few months ago only peace and endeavoured to preserve it. And now this war has become

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yours. We French were dragged into it by force and violence, and nothing in the world but treason and cowardly yielding can take this trial from us—but you have made the war your own by a deliberate, voluntary act, in which the whole nation has shared. For more than nine months you have seen from day to day what it costs to wage war with Germany. Two of Garibaldi's grandsons, and with them a whole band of your countrymen, have met their death in the Argonne—these ever-memorable heroes for whose biers all noble hearts in the world have woven wreaths. Those who have shared the toil and honour of the struggle with the fallen have told you of the hecatombs of modern warfare. You now hurl yourselves with manly energy into these gigantic struggles, which but a short time ago you cursed and which you wished to avoid at all costs. I am certain that in the decision you have now made, which at the first glance seems to be contradictory to your former peaceful aspirations, you have a feeling of immeasurable joy and relief.

“If others should read these lines besides yourselves, they will perhaps think it strange

that friends of peace can rejoice at a declaration of war. And yet it is nevertheless true. For, rightly viewed, Italy has been led to this decisive step by mystic powers, which cannot be weighed nor measured, but which in the great periods of history overthrow everything to create a new era.

“I will not make bold to say that the diplomatic negotiations were merely a kind of meaningless ceremony. They were sincere, and I esteem Sonnino’s moral and intellectual qualities. But the Latin spirit was in the chambers of ‘Consulta’ and intruded between him and the one he was negotiating with, and the Latin spirit won one of its greatest victories in history.

“The whole world awaited breathlessly what would happen. Feeling in France was more anxious than ever before, wondrous as in the case of a young woman who loves, loves with all her soul, and believes herself loved in return, but does not as yet dare to speak of her noble and ideal love. And so she waits, and whilst waiting she is at the same time profoundly moved and trustful; for it seems to her that her love is in harmony

with nature and with life. Her love is at the same time ardent and pure, inspired as it is by a profound dream of most intimate co-operation for an ideal purpose.

“And every morning all France looked towards Rome and towards so many other of your cities, which stand for more in history than Berlin and Vienna together. And that which meant nothing to others made its heart beat quicker. When the grandsons of Garibaldi were borne away from the trenches, France followed them, not as one follows other biers, but as one follows the relics of the noble martyrs—these men who had the joy of witnessing for the truth, and whose death alters the course of things. The funeral of Bruno and Constante showed that the heart of Italy was beating in time with that of France. The bond between their souls was so deep that the other bond could not be long delayed.

“These, my dear friends of Assisi, are the feelings which have given to the diplomatic documents by which your country has been united to ours, a better foundation and a greater purport than any other international

agreement has ever had. No civilized people has ever let itself be tempted to regard treaties as scraps of paper. But the most important agreements deal as a rule only with material questions. This time it may justly be said that the work of the Chancelleries was anticipated, inspired, and controlled by feelings which will have as a consequence that the best forces in our nations will work together, shape themselves each according to the other, and concentrate themselves so that in the near future they will rise to such a height that they will become worthy to prepare a new civilization.

"It is no mere chance that Slavs, Anglo-Saxons, and Latins should have united in a common endeavour to resist brute force, and that this common endeavour should have received the name of the Entente. The new term indicates a moral affinity which is inspired by heart and mind, and in which the material conditions are not much more than the first milestones on a road, which extends beyond what we can see or surmise.

"Hatred is not our viaticum when we all like one man march hand in hand towards

the new era. We have with horror seen the German atrocities, this hideous militarism which is organized on so frightful a plan, and which seems to have eliminated conscience and the distinction between good and evil. We trembled, and we might have been tempted—had that been possible—to doubt God and truth, when we saw the clumsy hypocrisy which profanes the two noblest aspirations of mankind: religion and science. But our optimistic instinct soon won the upper hand again—the strong, deep-lying forces which have for a time in history been put out of action, but which through all difficulties continue to exalt right, justice, liberty, life, and charity.

“It is to this victory we will dedicate ourselves, and not to the fulfilment of bloody dreams. When Germany has been fettered and brought to the point when she will be quite unable to expose her neighbours to danger again, we have certain definite duties just towards her. We do not turn from the possessed and the mad, not even from the most dangerous; but when we have made them powerless we watch for their sane

moments and try to arouse their conscience. We will treat our present enemies in the same way, though without hoping for a rapid cure. On the one hand we have our attention directed to the art of dissimulation which madmen often make use of, on the other we are firmly resolved to do by them our duty as men.

"This war, then, which is more cruel than one could have imagined, assumes in our eyes the character of a moral aim.

"Forgive me for keeping you so long over all this, which you know so well yourself. I have felt the need to talk to you about this, to dream together with you, as one dreams of notes one hears every day—notes of which one never grows weary, and which, when repeated, are a spiritual food, old and yet ever new.

"We must also confess that all the dangers which threaten us do not lie on the other side of our soldiers' trenches. German ideas have penetrated everywhere, and here and there a few of our young men may have let themselves be led astray for a moment by the theory of the superman, and by the idea that might is right.

"By appealing to the most brutal passions Germany has aroused to new life the instincts which lie dormant in each of us—instincts which the civilization of many centuries had almost removed, which now reappear and call for our vigilance. Unfortunately, we have had to try and reply to our antagonists on the very territory where they attack us, and with the same means as they apply. There our patriotism will rise to heights which humanity has not yet reached, and to which the history of the past has shown no parallel.

"To overcome our enemies on the battlefield, to compel them to beg for mercy, that is in reality not the only task which is laid upon us. When this work is once successfully performed, another reveals itself, not less necessary and not less difficult, which we must even now foresee. I have in mind the fight, which of necessity must be fought in our countries and in our hearts, against Germany's ideas and methods. In the case of our enemies, neither men of science nor men of the Church have understood to what moral and political deformities such a mistaken conception of patriotism as *Deutschland über Alles* has led them.

“A few generations, whose artists, ecclesiastics, and scholars have taught this doctrine of *Deutschland über Alles*, have sufficed to distort the ideas and feelings of this country, so that it has become not only a terrible danger to its neighbours in Europe, but also a moral danger to all civilization.

“We must not leave this out of consideration for a single moment, and as public opinion in the allied countries has remained untouched, since it feels that true patriotism finds its best expression in love of truth, justice, right, and freedom, let us piously watch over these idealistic germs, which are putting forth shoots within us and others, in order that we may develop them and in order that they may, when the European revolution is completed, be more vigorous than ever before.

“We cannot do everything, but we can do a little, so that the divine brightness may increase with every new day. We shall free Serbia and Belgium, the unliberated provinces and Alsace-Lorraine, and we shall re-establish Poland. In this endeavour we shall have the best elements of mankind on our side; they will not only applaud and admire, but they will

with wise understanding feel themselves obliged to think as we do and to make common cause with us. The Entente will be extended, and European peace will be established on a basis hitherto unknown. On the other hand, if we should yield to the temptation to take vengeance on our enemies by using their own weapons against them, and by creating, according to their methods, new unliberated provinces and a new Alsace, our victory would be untenable and peace ill-assured.

“This moral basis of the Entente ought to be imprinted in imperishable characters on our banners, in order to prevent support from those who have not the same ideal as ourselves, and who contemplate using our material superiority to infringe the rights and liberty of others.

“It would be very dangerous not to make up our minds as to how great the task is which we have undertaken. Neither our sons nor our grandsons will see the end of it. The defeat of Prussian militarism and the humiliation of German pride will only be the beginning. It is necessary to decide soon who is guilty and who bears the responsibility. It will then be

seen that the crimes which have made all the world tremble with horror and indignation are the natural and direct outcome of moral errors. The scientific blindness of the greatest men in criticism, and of the German scholars who signed the manifesto of the ninety-three; the lack of conscience, sympathy, and charity in cardinals, bishops, and likewise in the Protestant deans and clergymen who were present at massacres and sacrilegious acts which I do not dare to mention—all this comes from the delusion which consists in deifying one's country and in seeing in its interests, even the most material, the highest aim.

“The German delusion is lying in wait for all nations, not least for us, who are taking part in the struggle, when we each stand and stoop piously over our country to bind up its wounds.

“If we do not manage to bring home the spiritual victory after the victory on the battlefield and to put the ideal in its right place again, the heroism of our soldiers has only availed to postpone the catastrophe a few years.

“No people has remained unaffected by the

worship of force and matter, which Germany has raised to a State religion. As we have now all risen to stop its victorious march, it must be clear to us how gigantic an effort is required of us. We shall in the future represent the yearning of mankind after truth and holiness. May all the restless longing, all the ardour, all those hopes which made the heart of Francis of Assisi tremble, also tremble in our hearts.

• “The vocation which will now be ours is to re-erect the temple of the new ideas : ‘Go out into the world,’ Francis, and raise again My dwelling-place, which, as thou seest, is totally destroyed.’

“The best and most excellent men from all the countries of the world will help to labour at this work, which neither consists in overthrowing nor in repeating the past, but in completing it, and in giving to moral and intellectual civilization a strength like that which is the cause of the progress of the material world.’ You will certainly find it quite natural that the Entente Powers should look to Italy with confidence, knowing well that Italy is not merely the sunny land of

classical art, but also holy ground. We Franciscans on this side of the Alps, who feel more bound up with you than do the rest of our countrymen, we who are your brethren and admirers, know that Umbria's soil has never lost its fertility, and that the soil which gave to the world St. Benedict, St. Francis, St. Clara, Fra Egidio, Fra Leone, and many others will still be able to give us the servants of the ideal for whom we sigh.

"I sincerely wish, dear friends at Assisi, that you will not be angry at this all too long letter, and that you will not find it all too unworthy to be read on the holy ground where the patriarch of Christian democracy and the harbinger of the new age was born. I could not help addressing myself to you in this very serious hour, and I have felt convinced that you, citizens of the town which brought forth the greatest spiritual renovator who has existed since Christ, that you also have comprehended how immeasurably great the task is which rests upon modern Europe, and that the little town of which Dante sang will fulfil the immortal poet's prophecy :

•

“ *Let none who speak
Of that place, say Assisi ; for its name
Were lamely so deliver'd ; but the East,
To call things rightly, be it henceforth styl'd.** ”

“ Your devoted and happy brother,

“ PAUL SABATIER.”

* Cary's translation of this passage in Dante's "Paradiso," XI, 43-48. By the East is of course meant the dawn of a new day.—*Translator's note.*

XII. WAR AND LANGUAGE

IN many German shops a notice hung in the summer of 1915 on which could be read, "*Nicht Adieu, sondern Guten Tag.*"* If the customer, when he left the shop, happened to forget this little reminder and make himself guilty of the national crime of using a foreign word when taking leave, the assistant handed him a little box in which he might deposit a voluntary fine for his offence. It is a little trait which throws light on a characteristic side of present conditions.

The war between diplomats, financiers, and General Staffs led to the war between nations, and the war between nations involved the war between languages. That the hatred of a nation should be transferred to that which is the most peculiar expression of a nation, its language, is quite natural, and linguistic hatred in the early days of the war found expression in various singular and extremely vigorous ways. The hatred of the foreigner and jin-

* "Not 'adieu,' but 'good day.'"—*Translator's note.*

goism had here found an arena where everything was permissible and where all common sense was excluded. This linguistic war at once assumed a double form—an external form, which aimed at absolutely boycotting the use of foreign languages, and an internal form, which aimed at purifying the national language from all words belonging to foreign States with whom war was being waged.

I

Let us begin by examining the external war of languages. At the beginning of the world-war it assumed very violent and in part very hideous forms. Here are a few examples.

In *Le Figaro* for September 28, 1914, Péladan wrote a fanatical article on *Leur langue*, in which he declared a holy war against the German language in France. He began by drawing attention to the fact that before German soldiers crossed the frontiers of France, the German language and spirit had penetrated into France by many ways and had left their mark on theatres, periodicals, and science; even education had been infected by Prussianism: "We have never known how

to hate ; now we must learn to do so, and we must hate their language. Never again must German be heard in France, just as little as we can ever have German friends again." After this he makes three chief demands, which all aim at completely eradicating the German language in France.

When one knows how widespread the use of the German *Fräulein* was in French families, one understands that Poladan's first demand should be that no Frenchman should ever have a German governess or a German maid in his service again.

As the second point the draconic demand is made that German shall totally disappear from teaching in schools and universities. The writer has an idea that he is here going too far, for he adds the following singular reasons, half by way of excuse : " Many will possibly think this demand exaggerated ; but is it not clear now to every one that we can only talk to them with the aid of the sword ? Are we not all agreed that we will not carry on trade with them ? What advantage should we have, then, in learning German ? " It is natural that a man who loves his country

more than everything, and who in the depths of his heart is moved to despair by the terrible fate which has overtaken his country, and who not only hates but also despises the enemy most profoundly, should think thus. But is it not infinitely regrettable, and is it not a fresh proof of what an inconceivably great crime against all civilization war is ?

Lastly, he demands that German words shall never again be heard on a French stage. We may perform Wagner and sing his wonderful music, but the German libretto must be irrevocably banned. The special position here accorded to music does not hold good for literature. No German author shall be translated into French again ; our theatres and periodicals shall be closed to them.

The article ends with the following energetic exclamation : " Let us drive the language of these assassins out of our homes and our theatres. I wish that it might be forbidden by law to use this language in public. It is the everlasting refrain of the Germans that everywhere that German is heard and understood the country belongs to them."

Similar utterances were heard in Germany

and Austria, where a boycott of both French and English was proposed. These languages ought to disappear from education altogether in the opinion of the most extreme nationalists ; but they do not seem to have found very many supporters, and the poet Hugo von Hoffmannsthal protested in the *Neue Freie Presse* of September 27, 1914, in an article whose contents were, however, just as absurd and chauvinistic as the idea he wished to oppose. He is, rightly, of opinion that the boycott of foreign languages is a two-edged sword, and that in reality it would be a sin against the coming generation. The point is that young Germany should be as well equipped as possible, and it will have need of foreign languages as it has need of nerves and muscles, for Germany's superiority will, in an even higher degree than before, depend on its thorough knowledge of all foreign conditions ; therefore people must know foreign languages well. France will continue to be one of the most important nations in the world, but its political part will be much reduced, and financially it will, after the war, be Germany's banker ; so the French language will be even more impor-

tant for the future than for the present generation, only in a new sense. As regards English, the knowledge of this language must be just one of the means by which Germany shall wrest from England the supremacy of the world ; moreover, English is the language of America, and no one would contemplate making it more difficult for his children to enter America. So the great thing is to study foreign languages still more zealously than hitherto. .

It is superfluous to characterize this article in greater detail, for it at once makes a repulsive impression. Péladan was blinded by a glowing hatred, an infinite contempt, and a profound grief ; but his condemnation was the expression of a deeply offended national spirit, of a violent impulse to maintain his own against the foreign. Hugo von Hoffmannsthal gives expression to an incredibly arrogant megalomania, which Chesterton, Lavissee, Durkheim, Andler, Verhaeren, and others have investigated and described ; he demands an extended study of foreign languages, in order that Germany may thereby the more easily govern foreign and subjugated nations ; it is

not a question of appropriating civilization, but of oppression.

The boastful article of the German poet did not remain uncontroverted. The protest soon came in the form of a little polemical pamphlet, *Deutsch gegen Französisch und Englisch*,* written by the brilliant man of genius already referred to, the philologist Professor Hugo Schuchardt. He carried the linguistic war into an entirely new region, and put the problems quite differently from his predecessors; his contribution is equally suggestive, brilliant, and elegant.

Schuchardt begins by noting that during the world-war Germany has not been able to win the sympathy of the neutral nations, and he adds, with a sigh, that of all nations in Europe Germany is least liked. He believes that the reason for this is largely to be sought in the fact that English and French are more widespread and are more used in international intercourse than German. He then mentions the grave protest made by C. W. Eliot, the highly esteemed president of Harvard University, against the German manifesto of sorry

* "German versus French and English."—Translator's note.

fame, *An die Kulturwelt*, and he adds: "Language is all-powerful. Eliot certainly reads at least one hundred pages of English for one he reads of German. That is it. If more German were read we should be better understood. As things are, our literary campaign is very hopeless. And as for verbal exchange of opinion, French is more frequently used than German. Our diplomatic French is at the very best without mistakes, but in any case without flavour and force. One can by its means set forth facts and express wishes, but not impress, persuade, seduce. That can only be done in one's mother-tongue."

Schuchardt then raises the question of what can be done to counteract the superior power of the French and English languages. He first examines the historical reasons for this position, and maintains emphatically that it is due rather to purely political than to cultural reasons. It is not Molière and La Fontaine, but the brilliant Court of the *Roi Soleil*—not Shakespeare or Milton, but England's sea-power, which have made universal languages of French and English. The German Empire has for centuries been split up and divided,

consequently its language has played so small a part.

Schuchardt is, of course, quite right in these historical observations; but as far as the French language is concerned, he overlooks or forgets a very essential point. If this language ever since the thirteenth century has played such a prominent part in Europe, it is due not only to the great political significance of France, but also to the beauty and grace, the elegant lucidity, of the language itself. Even in the Middle Ages foreign nations were loud in the praise of French, but anything similar is hardly known in the case of the German language.

If, then, in the lapse of the ages foreigners have not been eager to learn German, on the other hand Germans have been much too eager to learn foreign languages. Goethe said in 1818: "A German must learn all languages, so that no foreigner can cause him difficulty in his own country, and so that he himself may feel at home everywhere in foreign countries." Such a desire to learn, however excellent in itself, has also its unfavourable sides. Schuchardt, who himself both speaks

and writes perfectly all sorts of languages, does not really think very highly of mere fluency in speaking; it is in his eyes merely an accomplishment and nothing but an accomplishment, which has nothing to do with culture.

In Schuchardt's opinion, the Germans have really been much too obliging to foreigners in learning their language and in using it in communicating with them, whether by word of mouth or in writing; he therefore now demands that in future they shall keep exclusively to their own language—that they shall talk German to all foreigners, carry on their correspondence in German, only include German articles in their periodicals. But naturally this does not mean that Germany is to hold aloof from all foreign influence. On the contrary, it must appropriate everything valuable which appears outside its borders; it must listen with a hundred ears, but speak only with one tongue. Yet the civilization of Germany ought to be not only receptive, it must also give. The state of affairs at present is "that the universality of Germany comes from its speaking many languages, whilst

the universality of France comes from its speaking only one language. We can look deep into the hearts of other peoples, and yet we are unable to exercise any influence on them ; in the case of the French the opposite is true."

In order that foreigners may become thoroughly acquainted with Germany, it is necessary to compel them to learn the German language also. "The struggle I preach," writes Schuchardt, "is a peaceful struggle; it can only begin really when peace is concluded. First we must overcome ourselves and eradicate the ingrained prejudice that to be able to speak a foreign language is a sign of culture and respectability; we must also get rid of the schoolboy vanity which makes us blush when we are praised or criticized by a foreigner who speaks only one language."

After these bold words, which will grate on the ears of many modern, utilitarian pedagogues, Schuchardt closes with a heartfelt exhortation to all German women to defend their language. The women must go out into the firing-line. Hitherto they have coquetted too much with foreign languages, as with all

foreign way. This they must atone for; they must cease to *parlieren*. It is their duty in the first place to defend our good German language. They are a creative factor in language; they hand it on to the coming generation.

Schuchardt's book contains interesting observations on the distribution of power amongst the three great languages of civilization. It is likewise a zealous patriot's warm defence of his language, of its repute and its rights; but it is spoiled by an unrestrained hatred of England, and it will not help to reunite the bonds which the present world-catastrophe has severed. On the contrary.

Since the publication of Schuchardt's book, no contribution of importance has to my knowledge been made concerning this external linguistic war. That it is still being waged with undiminished violence may be seen from the fact, amongst others, that German papers at the end of February, 1916, were very angry because the Greek Consul at Hanover had published in French in Hanoverian newspapers a *Publication du Consulat Royal de Grèce à Hanovre*.

The linguistic war has also assumed characteristic forms in Turkey. The Turkish Ambassador in Denmark, Djeved Bey, stated to a Copenhagen journalist in an interview at the end of February, 1916: "Hitherto there figured in our capital all possible foreign languages but our own. All the shop-signs had foreign advertisements; even the names at the corners of the streets were foreign. In official communications, in reports to the departments, in petitions, in treaties, every nation used its native tongue; it was an absolute confusion of languages. In Turkey we have now introduced Turkish. It is the first expression of a national awakening." The Ambassador afterwards added: "When we alter the old signs and street names, our enemies assert that we tear the European inscriptions down out of hatred and malice. There is no truth in this. We are merely doing what all nations have done before us."

Finally, I will draw attention to the very singular fact that the external linguistic war has also been transplanted to a neutral country. On February 18, 1916, an American colleague wrote to me: "It may perhaps

interest you to learn that everywhere in the United States there has been a great decline in the teaching of German in our schools. Yesterday I was shown about thirty letters from various school managers and head masters, all giving the same information to the Director of Education at New York: 'We have hardly any pupils now for German, so can you not use our teachers of German elsewhere?'

II

Besides the external linguistic war, which, as we have seen, aims at boycotting the language of the enemy, there is also an internal warfare; it is directed against the elements of foreign and enemy origin which exist in one's own language. It is the internal linguistic war which has led in Russia to the alteration of the German name *St. Petersburg* to *Petrograd*, which is Slav; and it is the internal linguistic war which demands in Germany the greeting *Guten Tag* when one is saying good-bye, and not *Adieu* or *Adé*, which is French. This linguistic war is waged almost exclusively in Germany, which in itself is quite natural, since modern German has

absorbed a large number of easily recognizable French and English words.

However, this internal linguistic war has long been the order of the day in Germany; national tendencies had long before the war demanded that all foreign words should be removed and replaced by words of native origin. So people were not to say *Telephon*, *Billet*, *rekommandierter Brief*, *List*, but *Fernsprecher*, *Fahrkarte*, *Einschreibe-Brief*, and *Faßstuhl*.

The methodical and organized struggle against foreign words in German began in 1885. In this year a large society was formed, which was named *Der Allgemeine Deutsche Sprachverein*; it now reckons over thirty thousand members, includes 316 local committees, and it carries on propaganda by holding meetings and lectures, by publishing a periodical, and by issuing pamphlets which contain, amongst other things, lists of Germanized words.

This movement for the purification of the language began to make fresh headway in August, 1914. The struggle was directed both against all foreign elements, especially those

of English and French origin, even if they had become quite at home in the language, and against the widespread use of pure English and French words and names in all kinds of advertisements. The milliners' signs with *Robes et Manteaux* had to disappear, the *Piccadilly* Café was rechristened *Vaterland*, and no gentlemen's outfitter's was any longer adorned with the name *Old England*. English names in general use, like *combinations* and *sweater*, were replaced by the national, but very ugly, words *Hemd hose* and *Schwitzer*. A special hunt was made, however, after French words, obviously for the simple reason that they are the foreign words most numerous represented in German, and *hotel*, *sauce*, *regisseur*, and a hundred others were boycotted. Instead of *hotel* people were to say *Gasthaus* or *Hof*, *sauce* was replaced by *Tunke*, and *regisseur* was transformed into *Spielleiter*. So profound was this linguistic hatred that even the names in which the first element was *englisch* or *französisch* had to be altered. At Graz there was at the outbreak of the war an inn called *Zum englischen Dachs*. The landlady had *englischen*.

painted over, and for doing so was mentioned with praise by the local press. Hugo Schuchardt maliciously remarks, in his book to which we have already referred, that she ought rather to have altered the noun and called her inn *Zum englischen Frechdachs!* *

After Italy had joined the ranks of the belligerent Powers, the Germans also began to replace Italian words by German terms. Instead of *macaroni* they said *Treubruchnudeln*, and a *piccolo* was rechristened *Unter-ober*. These new formations only appear, however, in the comic papers, and are hardly anything but linguistic expressions of the scorn and contempt with which the Germans regard the Italians.

Indeed many worthy patriots took part in the work of purifying the good old German language from foreign excrescences. The work assumed many typical forms. Thus through advertisements in the papers, prizes were offered to those who could find suitable German names for various fancy goods which had hitherto gone by French and English names.

* *Dachs* = badger. *Frechdachs* literally = impudent badger, but metaphorically = impudent fellow. — *Translator's note.*

It is amusing to find that the advertisements ended with the remark that all replies were to be addressed to the *Reklame-Bureau*. It will be seen that even in this serious advertisement there lay unconscious humour; it is not so easy as many think to wage war against foreign words. And as a matter of fact a critic did suggest that the end of the advertisement should be altered; in keeping with the spirit and object of the advertisement, it ought to say that all replies were "*an die Anpreisungsstelle zu richten.*" However, it is scarcely granted to every one to understand what is meant by *Anpreisungsstelle*.

In the spring of 1915, when the German Actors' Society held its great annual meeting at Darmstadt, it occupied itself in some detail with the question as to how to counteract "the horrible abuse by which foreign and loan-words are used, which defile our glorious mother-tongue." It was, of course, especially the language of the theatres which the Actors' Society wished to purify. Indeed most of the terms used are of French origin, for which there is a good reason to be found in the history of civilization. For things are no

different in Germany from what is found in many other civilized countries, where no one complains. Let us take the example nearest to hand, the language of the Danish stage. Here words are used like *Parterre, Parket, Balkon, Loge, Etage, Galleri, Foyer, Debutant, Première, Regissör, Repititör, Sufflör, Kulisser, Rampe, Feu, Ballet, Vaudeville, Farse, Operette, Revy, Garderobe, Kontrölör, Program*, etc. . .

Many of these words occur in German theatrical language, which also uses words borrowed direct from Latin and Greek. So here there is a large field for internal linguistic warfare; here are many "weeds" to pull up. Paul Lindau has dealt with the topic in an article which to judge by external appearances is seriously meant; but behind the outer form, which is certainly chosen for opportunist reasons, there is undoubtedly hidden a good deal of merry satire.

As a beginning I quote a few examples of the German words which Paul Lindau recommends shall be used instead of the French terms. *Opernhaus* is to be called *Wohllautshalle*; *Podium* is replaced by *Bretter*, *Musikinstrumente* by *Wohllautwerkzeuge*, *Pros-*

cenium by *Vorbühne*, *Loge* by *Sondergemach*, *Parterre* by *Hinterraum im Erdgeschoss*, *Gallerie* by *Geländerraum im obersten Stockwerk*. Instead of *Kulissen*, *Schiebewände* is used; instead of *Souffleur*, *Einbläser*; instead of *Theaterfriseur*, *Bühnenhaarkünstler*; instead of *Perrücke*, *Haartrachtnachahmung*; instead of *Fiasko*, *Durchfall*; instead of *Statisten*, *stumme Gelegenheitspieler*; instead of *Pantomime*, *Gebärdenspiel ohne Worte*, etc.

We may be sure that jest and earnest are here fraternally mingled. Some of these Germanizations are good and fit for use, but most of them must be described as unpractical and tasteless. A word like *Wohllautwerkzeuge* is frightful in every respect.

However, Paul Lindau does not restrict himself to replacing a foreign word by a single German word; in many cases, where a single word would not suffice or cannot be found, he constructs periphrases and definitions miles in length. I quote the following example: At the *Hauptprobe*—for of course the word *Generalprobe* must not be used—the actors appear in complete *Maske*; this bad word must be avoided, and Lindau replaces it by

the following paraphrase: "*Mit dem durch Schminke, Kohlenstifte und ähnliche Hilfsmittel sowie durch die Haartracht, den geklebten Bart usw. im Ausdruck der Eigenart des darzustellenden Wesens entsprechend zurechtgemachten Gesicht.*"

This example is not unique. On the contrary, there is a long series of similar monstrosities. As for several reasons they seem to me typical, I will quote a few more.

The reader of plays at a theatre and the stage-manager, who in Germany are often united in one person, have hitherto been called *Dramaturg*, but now it is to be *Leser und Begutachter eingereichter und Mithelfer bei der Übung angenommener Stücke*. Instead of opera, people are to say *Kunstgesang, begleitet von Wohllautwerkzeugen*. Orchester is now to be *Der für die Spielleute auf lautgebenden Werkzeugen aus Holz und Blech abgesteckte Vorraum*. The word *Rampe* is also banned and replaced by *Der mit Beleuchtungserzeugern versehene Abschluss des Bühnenfussbodens*. Lindau here adds that this term is better and shorter than the French name.

It is clear from the above that we have here

a satirical criticism. Lindau wished to show how indispensable foreign words are. By an historical development they have become the concise, conventional expression for what are often very complex conceptions and notions, which otherwise could only be expressed by long periphrastic explanations. We find Paul Lindau's view of the matter as far back as Holberg. He too had only a satirical smile for those who use "long paraphrases and circumlocutions to make known a thing which can be expressed by a single word."

In his private correspondence Paul Lindau has made a waggish attempt to use a language in which all foreign words were replaced by German. Through his *Geheimschreiber* (*Sekretär*) he had applied to the *Rechnungsbeamter* (*Kassierer*) at a theatre to order *einen guten Seh- und Hörraum im Erdgeschoss oder auch im ersten Stockwerk* (a good seat in the *Parquet* or in the *Balkon*), which he asked should be put on one side *an der Einlassverkaufsstelle* (*Billettbureau*), where he would have it called for by a person who would show his *Besucherpappe* (*Visitenkarte*). The letter was returned to him with the inscription "Contents incom-

prehensible." It is interesting to observe how the world continually repeats itself in great and small. The German linguistic purifiers have many predecessors, and in Denmark we have especial reason to remember the Dutch enthusiasts, since Holberg expressed his disagreement with them with such humour. I quote the following lines from his 415th epistle: "I have jested with the Dutch, who in this purification of their language are the most impetuous of all, and I have said that one must marvel that a people, which in religious matters displays such tolerance and protects all sects, should give no quarter to a foreign word unless it can prove its descent from the old Batavians, the result of this being that the language has become clumsy and almost incomprehensible, not only to foreigners but even to themselves, particularly in philosophical matters. I once tried to read something in a Dutch translation of the philosophy of Descartes, but the first page made me tired, as if I had stood a whole day in a smithy or threshed in a barn."

A linguistic purifier ought not only to possess certain philological knowledge; he

must also have tact and taste, a good deal of practical sense, and a happy capacity for forming words; otherwise his work is in vain and he becomes a laughing-stock. What remains of H. P. Selmer's persistent efforts to Danicize foreign words? Of his thick book probably only a few especially ridiculous words are remembered, as, for instance, *Ildbrummeri* instead of *Artilleri*, and *gudsvi-denskabelig Prøvestiller* for *teologisk Kandidat*.

Various modern Germanized forms suffer from several elementary defects. It is quite common to keep exclusively to the etymological meaning of the word and to try and reproduce this in a German form. Thus instead of *Sekretär*, *Geheimschreiber* has been proposed. But this is quite impossible. People forget that in many cases the meaning of a word is quite different from what an etymological analysis would suggest. *Secrétaire* is originally derived from *secret*; but the old meaning—one who is initiated into a secret, one who also knows, one who is a confidant—has long since disappeared, and since the seventeenth century no bond of meaning connects *secrétaire* with *secret*. Con-

sequently *Geheimschreiber* only gives the meaning the word had at the time of the Renaissance, but not its modern signification.

By way of further illustration I will mention a few similar examples in the Danish language—*Drager, Urtekraemmer, Natmand, Kotsbaand, omgaaende Post*, etc. What misunderstandings would not a literal reproduction of these words in a foreign language give rise to?

The internal linguistic war has hitherto directed its chief attack against the language of the theatres. Another sphere which is badly infected with French and might be recommended to the purifiers of the German language is the language of the army. But what would they say in Germany, if one fine day they had to manage without *Militarismus, Generale, Majore, Leutnants, Soldaten, Infanterie, Kavallerie, Artillerie, Kanonen, Bomben, and Granaten*? Should we not have the same situation again as in Holberg's sixty-fourth epistle? Holberg describes here how he reduced to silence a Dutchman who was a zealous purifier of his language. He told him: "If you carry your reformation too far, you may separate your country from its only and

its best products, which are *Boter* and *Kaes*, for these are both Latin words. Nay, you may also lose your *Tabac*, so that you have hardly anything left but the thick and unhealthy atmosphere in which you live. When he heard this he went away in silence."

Only once, as far as I know, has criticism been directed against the French words in German military language. The commander of the 15th German Army Corps had ordered a confectioner at Glogau to remove the word *Bonbons* from a few boxes of chocolate, because such a word ought not to be tolerated. The confectioner replied that if the German language were to be purified from French words, a beginning ought to be made by removing the word *General*. In consequence the general prosecuted him for insulting the army, and he was fined 100 marks besides being sentenced to a month's imprisonment. However, common sense prevailed. An appeal was made to the Imperial Courts at Leipzig and the confectioner was acquitted.

It will be seen, then, that not only philologists but also the generals of the army take

part in the linguistic war. The Germans are everywhere on the look-out. So it may probably be considered as out of the question that any French word has managed to enter Germany since August, 1914. A careful watch is kept at the frontier and even more vigilance is exercised than before to maintain the purity of the language. On the other hand, the very singular phenomenon may be observed that during the war itself German words have penetrated into France and have found general acceptance there, not only in everyday conversation but also in official language.

Thus the French General Staff has adopted and used words like *Minenwerfer* and *Drachen*. A French officer justly complains of this in *Le Temps* for March 7, 1916. He remarks maliciously that the proclamation issued by the Government at the beginning of the war, which prohibited all French citizens from having any intercourse with the enemy whatsoever, in reality only applied to the commercial sphere, but not to that of language; which for many reasons must be deplored. Why does the General Staff copy the enemy and talk about *Minenwerfer*, when we have a

good French expression, *lance-torpilles* ? Why does the General Staff make itself ridiculous by using a meaningless abbreviation like *Brachen* ? The German word is *Drachen-Ballon*, which in good French is *ballon cerf-volant*. It is not only the General Staff which has adopted German words ; everywhere in France the German name *Taube* is used. When a French aeroplane is referred to, people say *avion* ; when a German aeroplane is meant they say *taube*.

Especially striking is the expression *feu de tambour*, which is now in general use and denotes a continuous, incessant, crackling gun-fire. It is a literal and in reality quite meaningless translation of the German *Trommelfeuer*. But the amusing part of the matter is that *Trommelfeuer* translates the French *feu roulant*, and this expression is easily comprehensible because the drummers on receiving the order "*Roulez*" made their drums roll in a particularly difficult but very noisy manner.

The internal linguistic war has been chiefly waged in Germany. France knows but little of it, and the same can be said of England. There are only very few German words in

modern English, so that the necessary condition for a movement towards the purification of the language was lacking. If England has nevertheless not held entirely aloof from the linguistic war, the reason is that there are in this country many English families with German names. Since August, 1914, a large number of them have changed their names, and the German-sounding names have been replaced by others which are unmistakably English. Many changes of name took place in the first months of the war; but the number increased to a very considerable extent after the torpedoing of the *Lusitania* in May, 1915, and a new outburst has taken place after every event of the war which has aroused the indignation and contempt of the English.

In Germany attempts have been made to free the language from the foreign linguistic garb, which is such a characteristic expression of the very strong cultural influence that had its origin in France in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries. As far as circumstances would permit, the challenge has been answered in the countries hostile to Germany, but here there was but little to

wage war against. If the linguistic war, as it is planned, is successful in Germany, it will have far-reaching consequences. For modern German is leavened with French loan-words. Some years before the war a German philologist, Dr. Seiler, wrote : " If we imagined that all modern French loan-words suddenly disappeared from our language, we should find that it would be impossible to make ourselves understood, both in everything that concerns daily life and social intercourse and in the spheres of science, art, trade, and industry." One can with difficulty conceive a more eloquent testimony to the immense importance which French civilization has had for the social, commercial, and entire intellectual development of Germany from the Renaissance down to the time of the Romantic movement.

XIII. WAR AND RELIGION

WHEN war breaks out, this often involves the declaration of a moratorium, whose task it is to safeguard economic interests. War, which turns all sorts of conditions topsy-turvy, involves great commercial and industrial difficulties; consideration for the needs of the country and its citizens requires that these shall be warded off as quickly and as practically as possible, and in this the moratorium helps by freeing a debtor from his obligations to his creditors within a certain space of time.

However, a legal moratorium is by no means sufficient. In the belligerent countries the Church ought to follow the example of the State. In reality an ecclesiastical moratorium is highly necessary, which, for the duration of the war, can annul all moral obligations and abrogate the Ten Commandments. It will doubtless ease the conscience of many soldiers to have it in black and white that various deeds which were formerly regarded as dishonourable

and criminal are now patriotic exploits ; that the moratorium allows them to steal, rob, plunder, burn, destroy, violate, murder ; that it is now a question of doing as much harm and damage as possible for the benefit of the State ; that they are not only to fight with a regular army, but also to harass and injure, starve and torture a peaceful and quite innocent population. The Church must see to it that the soldier, during the execution of the duties which the State imposes on him, shall not be too much embarrassed by his conscience. We have heard of soldiers who suddenly began to have scruples or felt sympathy or were frankly disgusted.

In *Die christliche Welt* (1915, No. 20) a German soldier wrote an extremely interesting and moving article with the title *Zur Kirchenfrage—aus der Front*. He asserts here that life in the trenches is quite incompatible with Christianity. The chaplains, he writes, generally live outside the danger zone and do not know the real conditions ; consequently many of their sermons necessarily fail to have any effect. He adds :

“ When the glory of Our Lord in life and

suffering is represented in this form to us, the men in the front line, and meets us like an exhortation, we can only reply that we, as unworthy of the Church, no longer belong to that kind of Christians. Observant chaplains have also understood this, and are not surprised if they are told, 'With my blood-stained heart I cannot come to communion!'

In contradiction to Lahussen, the Superintendent-General of the German Clergy, who said, "Now it is God's turn to speak, but we must be silent," the soldier in the trenches says: "Now it is the devil's turn to speak; what can we Christians say or do then? I wish that it should be clear to the Church. Out in the trenches men are living who have experienced radical evil—evil from the depths of the abyss, that which is purely and utterly sinful. I will also state exactly when the evil in all its reality reached its culminating point in my spiritual experience: in the charge from our own trenches against those of the enemy. What the preparation of these attacks costs in moral self-conquest, how they compel us bit by bit to divest ourselves

“of our humanity and to renounce everything which marks us as Christians, cannot be expressed and simply cannot be conceived by those who have not experienced it.”

In war it is the duty of all soldiers to kill men, but this duty is incompatible with the requirements of Christianity. This does not trouble the chaplains ; they at once set forth a new sort of Christianity, that of the patriot. That this can in many cases cast a reconciling veil over the brutality of warfare is undoubted ; but that it is far from sufficient in all cases is equally undoubted, and a touching example is mentioned in the above-named article. The soldier writes :

“ I sat together with a brave and markedly feelingless soldier, who, so to speak, hated the French personally for what he had suffered whilst fighting in Africa with the Foreign Legion, in which he had served. Then he said softly to himself, ‘ I am sorry I killed him ! ’ I inquired, and he answered : ‘ I was with the listening-post last time ; I got a long way forward, came to a pile of straw and found there a Frenchman, probably listening-like me ; he had no doubt fallen asleep.

When I stood close by him he started up in fear, and—I killed him.’

“He was sorry! If those at home would only believe that many, many bear such wounds in their breast, and not pay attention to all the big talk which appears in so many letters from the front. The soldier generally hides what lies deepest within him when he is writing home. . . .”

The declaration of an ecclesiastical moratorium would also have this good result, that the Church as such would not directly have anything to do with the war. It could only be an advantage for clergy and congregation, and it would certainly raise the authority of the Church. By any one who has once understood that the innermost kernel of Christianity is love, that Christ is *Deus caritatis*, and that He wished to fulfil the great ideal of creating peace on earth, it must be felt as hopeless and blasphemous that a Christian priest should bless the soldiers who are marching out to kill other soldiers or perhaps defenceless women and children; that he should bless their cannon, howitzers, and machine-guns, their incendiary bombs and hand-grenades and

perhaps their poisonous gases and burning fluids, their submarines, torpedoes, and air-ships. The white Christ has nothing to do with this.

Life in the trenches is a terrible mockery of everything that bears the name of Christian. But often enough the thing is to keep illusions alive ; it is a question of making the soldier believe that his bloody handiwork is pleasing to God, and so, to take one instance, edifying post cards are spread by the thousand which show soldiers behind a parapet firing a volley at the advancing enemy. On one side stands the officer in command with uplifted sword ; on the other, Christ in a white robe. He has a childlike expression on His face, which is framed by long wavy hair. Underneath we read : "*Siehe, ich bin bei Euch alle Tage* (Matthew xxviii, 19)." Can one conceive a greater abuse of religion ?

War and Christianity—or, if you like, war and modern civilization—are infinitely remote from each other. There is a gulf fixed between them ; they are two entirely different worlds, and they will continue to be so, in spite of the many attempts that have been made to

adapt Christianity to war or to represent war as an act pleasing to God or as a benefit to civilization. It must some time or other become clear to all that war is a form of barbarism. Guy de Maupassant said so again and again. In one place he writes :

“When I only think of the word war, I am seized with a feeling of horror, as if you were speaking to me of witchcraft, the Inquisition, of something remote and vanished, something frightful, something monstrous, something unnatural.

“When we speak of cannibals, we smile proudly and loudly assert our superiority over these savages, the real savages. But is it those who fight to eat the vanquished who are the real savages, or they who fight to kill and only to kill ?”

The vast majority in Germany look upon war quite differently. They are suffering from the mental derangement of war, and find no difficulty in bringing Christianity and civilization into most intimate connexion with the world-war. This appalling phenomenon has repeatedly been investigated and described, most recently by Professor J. P. Bang in

"Hurrah and Hallelujah." In connexion with this very instructive book I will quote letters exchanged by a Danish bishop and a German clergyman. The two letters were first published in a German paper, whence they found their way in translated form to the Danish

"... Dec. 23rd, 1915.

"DEAR FRIEND,—I feel a desire to wish you and your wife the power of God and the peace of God in your home and work. My wife joins with me."

"How this hard time lays its burden on everything! We feel this too. I am not thinking now of the high prices and that sort of thing, nor of the anxiety lest misfortune should also befall our little country. I am thinking rather of the psychical depression, which I feel so strongly, not least now at Christmas, when we must preach about peace on earth. This depression strengthens and increases the other cares and troubles which one labours under—finds them out and increases them, just as a disease like influenza finds out and increases our chronic weaknesses, even where it does not rush upon any one of them.

"You and yours will doubtless feel the same, perhaps more strongly, perhaps differently. Even the victor must now bear so many burdens that for a generation he must lament and sigh under them.

"God guide all and grant us brighter times according to His will.

"Yours sincerely,

"X."

"... Dec. 27th, 1915.

"DEAR FRIEND,—Many thanks for your letter of the 23rd inst. and for your Christmas greetings. We reciprocate them, with best wishes to you and your wife. A happy New Year!

"... However, we do not feel the war as in the first place a punishment and a message of suffering, but we are experiencing the great works of God (*magnalia Dei*), and for this reason we perceive that God is afflicting and humiliating us, it is true, but only to show us thereby His infinite love, passing all human comprehension. Great things are never won without sacrifices,—this is the constitution of the divine kingdom—and that is easily for-

gotten in time of peace and in the good days. He has taken from our enemies and let us conquer a country as large as Germany! Two European kingdoms, as large as or larger than your country, have been erased from the map! And as our enemies will in spite of all not yet believe that they are thoroughly defeated, they will presumably lose still more than hitherto.

"Do you remember that at the beginning of the war, to my confident words 'We must, we will, and we shall win,' you replied with the doubting question, 'How is that possible?'" Of course you no longer ask questions like this, now that our armies stand victorious in Courland and Poland, from Vilna to Salonica, from Arras to the Euphrates, whilst we hold what we *want* to hold and take what we *want* to take.

"When splinters of American shells had shattered the arm and foot of our little lad—he is eighteen—and his comrades, under very heavy fire, laid him on a stretcher and carried him to the dressing-station, he sang, 'Come on, comrades, to horse, to horse!'" Of course he did not tell me this himself, but his comrades

wrote about it to me. As soon as his mutilated arm is healed, and he can walk again on an artificial foot, he wants to go back, if they will have him. And this is not anything uncommon, but such are our boys. At Langermarck fifteen hundred students from Marburg and Bonn—unseasoned regiments—advanced against the enemy singing. And in the obituaries of the fallen you will often find underneath, ‘In pride and grief, the parents’ etc.

“I pity you neutrals, that you should remain outside this great, mighty experience of God’s glory, and in particular I pity you, who call yourselves Scandinavians and are Lutherans of Germanic stock. You have nothing of all the great things which God has now for a year and a half been granting the German people. He who has nothing, from him shall also be taken away what he has. It is true that war is no coffee-party and the service of a soldier is not needlework, but our Lord God, who let His Son die on the Cross, is not the chairman of a tea-meeting, and He who came to bring, not peace, but a sword, is not a town messenger: *Vivit, regnat,*

triumphat ('He lives, he reigns, he triumphs'). Moreover, the song of the angels at Bethlehem, 'Peace on earth,' is at least as true as when it echoed for the first time. There lay then in the manger the Child who as a Man was to struggle, to die, and to conquer in order to bring peace on earth. Our people who in 1870 bled, died, and conquered, won for Germany and Scandinavia and Central Europe forty-four years of peace. For the same peoples and for an even more lasting peace on earth our nation is fighting at this time. And we dare not and will not lay down our weapons till such a peace is won—Gloria, Victoria!

"I am afraid we shall not understand each other in what I am writing. But you write as you think, so you will allow me to do the same.

"Heartly greetings to yourself and also to your wife.

"Your faithful,

"G."

Ribe Stiftstidende has learned that the writer of the first of these two letters is Bishop Koch of Ribe. It is written to an acquaintance of

his youth, with whom he studied at Erlangen, and with whom since his youth he has remained on friendly terms.

The idea so powerfully expressed in the German clergyman's letter to his Danish friend is to be found still more loudly trumpeted abroad in numerous sermons, articles, and contributions by German clergymen and professors of theology. They all proclaim the same gospel of Germany's divine mission, which is closely connected with its military greatness; they proclaim it in ringing, self-possessed, and arrogant tones, which will arouse fanatical enthusiasm or horror, according as the minds of their hearers are inclined.

Everywhere we find the same chief motive, with relatively few variations: the Germans are the chosen people, and they represent true Christianity; it is by their help that the world will be renewed, for theirs is the task of crushing Satan's power and of exterminating the ungodly. The Germans do not hate their enemies, but love them; when they kill them and ravage their country, they are performing a work of love; men must suffer

for their salvation, and the Germans chastise the other nations for their own good!

The German army follows in the footsteps of Christ, for Christ Himself prophesied the dissension which His teaching would produce. His words are clear and definite: "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword" (Matthew x, 34). And still more powerfully does His prophecy of strife for the sake of the Gospel resound elsewhere in the New Testament: "I am come to send fire on the earth; and what will I, if it be already kindled?" (Luke xii, 49).

Thus Christ is transformed into a wild war-god, dripping with blood, who visits mankind with fire and sword to spread the gospel of the blessings of German civilization. This Christ does not take the little children by the hand; He is the friend and fellow-workman of Krupp. . .

XIV. KING RATBERT'S BIRDS OF PREY

ABEL'S blood cries to heaven.
War is, rightly looked at, murder.
It is a fact there is no getting over,
and why shall we continue to veil it under
embellishing circumlocutions? War is chiefly
carried on by means of murder; no doubt
legalized, authorized, practised, and studied
murder—but nevertheless nothing but murder.
The soldier must ravage, he must rob and
plunder, violate and burn, and destroy in all
ways; but first and foremost he must murder.

War is the slaughter of men. We are angry
and indignant when we hear of savage and
barbarous gods who demanded human sacri-
fices. We shudder when we read in the
Spanish historians that in a Mexican temple
the stench was worse than in a Castilian
slaughter-house; it was the blood of human
beings, who were killed in honour of the high
gods.

But have we really any reason to be angry

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Have we any right to be arrogant? Has not all our lauded, advanced civilization and morality been a sorrowful fiasco; do we not in the twentieth century sacrifice to a Moloch who is more cruel and savage than all those known to the past? Moloch has changed his name, but behind the new name, which blinds and deceives men, is hidden an idol, created by habitual superstition, by conventions destructive of happiness, and by mad theories.

A modern sacrifice of human beings is carefully prepared for years by the highest servants of the temple, the so-called diplomats; they are aided by the most distinguished officials of the kingdoms, who in secret conferences agree as to when the sacrifice shall take place. As soon as the time has come, generals and admirals come together, merchants and speculators on the Exchange, engineers, chemists, and manufacturers of cannon. Some of them lead the victims to the altar of the idol; the task of others is to make the sacrifice as long, as painful, and as barbarous as possible. In the last two years we have sacrificed to the god of war the strongest and best youths of practically all Europe. The number of the

victims is reckoned in millions, and the god, who is more cruel and bloodthirsty than Moloch and Malik, Kronos and Busiris, slays his victims, rends them asunder or blows them to pieces, mutilates them for life, blinds them, or poisons them with choking gases so that they become like living corpses.

War is the sacrifice of men, the slaughter of men, and where war rages the vultures flock together.

About war, which is savagery and horror; about rapacity, which involves law-breaking, faithlessness, and dishonesty; about lust for power, which creates cowardice and miserable subjection; about thirst for blood, which begets cruelty and all other kinds of voluptuousness—Victor Hugo has written a splendid poem in the *Légende des Siècles*, called “Ratbert.” The scene is in the Italy of the Middle Ages, but all historical framework is thrown aside. Behind a resplendent, blinding chaos of persons and places, a plot develops, simple in its main outlines, moving and entrancing in its unique, tragic grandeur. And in this poem Victor Hugo has found sublime expressions for all human feelings, the highest and

the lowest. I give an account of the beginning of the poem in an abridged form ; some passages are translated in full.

At Ancona he sits on his golden throne. Ratbert, son of Rodolphe, son of Charlemagne, and of Agnes, the Danish Countess of Elsinore. He is King of Arles and calls himself Emperor. By treachery he has made himself master of Ancona ; by treachery he intends to make himself master of Final, which belongs to the five-year-old Isora, whose parents are both dead ; only her grandfather, Fabrice, an old man, is still alive.

King Ratbert, who calls himself Emperor, has summoned to Ancona all tyrants, princes, and petty kings from the whole of Italy. They fear him, and do homage to him. He lays before them his plans against the little Isora, whose life and land he wishes to take, and they all praise him. One by one they appear before him to answer his question, and they laud his greatness, his power, and his wisdom.

Cibo says : " O King, only miscreants dare to defy thee, who rulest over lands and cities ; to resist thee were crime, arrogance, folly.

He who does not say that Ratbert is Emperor must die. There are gallows here, I hope. As for me, even were it my own father who dared to oppose the Emperor, whose ways God leads, I should wish that the raven's might settle on his body on the gallows, and that the moon might shine through his skeleton."

Malaspina, the dreaded warrior who filled the wells in the Abruzzi Mountains with dead snakes, expresses himself in few words: "War is sacred. Let the Emperor rule from the North to the Orient, O great God; it is by his sublime mouth that Thou speakest."

Last of all spoke Afranus. He was a man of the Church. He was a bishop, pious, beneficent, learned; to show his humility he wore a rope round his cowl. He invoked the Holy Ghost and began: "Ratbert has by cunning planted his banner on the walls of Ancona. Everything is permitted. Ancona has behaved unwisely, and guile is lawful when successful, and when it is for the good of all. All pretexts are good when it is a question of conquering a town." And he added: "Guile, or what is called thus, makes

the art of war milder, causes fewer wounds and less talk, and makes victory surer. I set forth my opinion in fear; "I belong to the Church and have only the humble intellect of a poor cleric; I am better suited to sing psalms than to speak before such high lords. Every one progresses in his own way. The emperor rides forward on his enormous iron-clad steed, the archangel on a dragon, the apostle on an ass. It is the same with law; it must be spacious for the king and narrow for the people. The people are the flock of sheep, the king their shepherd. O Lord, an emperor desires nothing without God wishing it! Act accordingly. Thou canst wage war both against Christians and Ottomans without first informing them of thy intention. The Ottomans stand outside the general law, therefore any declaration of war is superfluous." And if the Christians resist thy power and thy wishes, they are no longer Christians and must be treated accordingly. It would be a misfortune should scruples restrain a prince when the weal of the State is at stake."

And starting from these observations, Afranus advises the Emperor to make himself

master of Final. The Salic law, which forbids women to ascend the throne, is no doubt invalid at Menton, where the Emperor's sister rules, but must be administered with rigour at Final.

The Emperor does not delay now with the execution of his plan. He sends a messenger and letters to Final, with precious gifts for old Fabrice and playthings for his granddaughter. He sends word that he will come and greet Isora and kiss her brow. Otherwise Ratbert only does queens this honour.

Fabrice rejoices greatly at this, and commands that everything shall be made ready to receive the high guest as solemnly as possible; but when he reads the Emperor's letter again, a raven flies past, and the black bird of misfortune, which guided the steps of Judas when he was seeking Christ, casts a shadow across the white parchment. Fabrice dismisses the bad omen from his thoughts, but the guard of the castle are seized with anxious forebodings. The sense of insecurity spreads; Nature too trembles in tense expectation.

Evening draws near. The sun sets in a sea

of flame. And on the slopes and summits of the mountains, everywhere, there now gather the red kites, the feline owls, the greedy goshawks, the terrible sea-eagle whose eye shines like blood by day and like fire by night, all the horrible birds which devour human flesh—offspring of the old vultures descended from the Roman eagles, which the she-wolf of brass summoned to the circus, which followed Marius and knew Sylla. Some of them left hold of a skull picked bare, others wiped their yellow beaks on the gallows, others again left the black tackle of a wrecked vessel, others flew away from the walls of the hospitals; all shriek aloud with joy and flutter round clamorously in great swarms. They show each other Final on the great and gloomy peak, whose castle was built by Otto, son of Aleram the Saxon; and they say to each other, “An emperor is there!”

Then begins the second great part of the poem. The Emperor who conquered Ancona by guile has now also by guile made himself master of Final. Under the guise of friendship he rode into the castle, where everything was ready to receive him in festive manner.

His horde cut down the whole garrison of the castle, strangled the little Idora, and put Fabrice in fetters. When the day's work was now over and night was drawing near, orgies were celebrated in the courtyard and halls of the castle. I translate once more :

"A strange band fills the courtyard of the castle: women and priests, prelates and dukes, monks and soldiers. Bishops' croziers and crosses in the midst of spears and arrows give God His share in the massacre. .

"And a horrible banquet is held there, worthy of Heliogabalus. Gluttony and voluptuousness, bloodthirstiness and cruelty. The men are like wolves, the women like dogs. In the gloom are seen to flane in the frightful glances of the eye all infamous lusts and appetites, every low instinct, the intoxication of the senses with its wild cries.

"Wine and blood flow over the flags of the floor. Is it a vast revel or a fearful festival of death? Are those who eat living beings or demons? Is it the end of a banquet or a massacre which is half seen in the obscurity?

"This throng of men bellows, sings, drinks, eats, groans hoarsely. But King Ratbert sits

on his throne pale and content ; by his side sits the beautiful auburn Martha half naked, and his foot seeks hers under the table in a pool of blood.

“ The flickering light from the braziers illuminates the gold of the innumerable vessels. And the knives, which recently served as daggers, now cut to pieces sheep and pheasants and hares from the mountains. The lips of all abandon themselves to wild intoxication ; a dying man is finished off whilst they pierce a barrel. Under the benches groans of agony are heard. The rank smell of blood and corpses mingles with the surging fragrance from the incense, which burns in numerous chests of silver, each on a tripod of mother-of-pearl. Greek singers in their Byzantine robes sing to Ratbert, emperor, king, victor, genius, god.

“ Pages and swains, still carried away by the savagery of the massacre, wait on their Emperor at his banquet ; he is enraptured and gloomy.

“ Blood-stained hands hold the edges of the dishes. Ratbert leans on his elbow with indifferent mien. But from all sides, from

the goblets and sideboards, from the dishes containing the brilliant peacocks, from the bowls where the bluish love-potion burns, from the glasses where the wine foams, from the mouths which drink, from the mouths which kiss, there rises up over the banquet, towards the bright evening sky, a voluptuous, ardent, and burning vapour; but in this vapour are also perceived the spirits of the dead.

“The dark birds of night were right; the sea-eagles had scented treachery. A villain has taken the defenceless, brave ones by surprise, and both the old man and the child have had to suffer. A few faithful soldiers strove in vain to defend the castle; they are all dead and their blood moistens the stone flags. Axes and swords, clubs and rapiers, were not to spare a single man: so ran the order given by the King of Arles to his henchman Sixte Malaspina. The mutinous ones—for so the royal adventurer made king by Rome calls those who defended themselves—were run through with hooks and poles and hung up over the entrance to the castle, where they slowly expired.”

"Whilst the victors sing their merry songs beside the poles and crosses, where those hang whom Malaspina has put to death, there come ravens, owls, kites, all the wild birds of prey from mountains and forests, from caves and sea, flying in swarms and settle on the bodies. They hold a banquet less hideous than that of the human beings at their side.

"It is true it is horrible to see a vulture come hovering round and tear his prey to pieces; it is true one is afraid when one hears the shriek of the warbler in the claws of the eagle; it is true it is frightful to hear the sparrowhawk as it gnaws the bones of the dead animal. But Nature herself excuses these birds. Starvation is the law for everything living. And Heaven, which knows the profound, austere, and mysterious enigmas of Nature; Night, which protects the silent, vigilant flight of the owl when it gazes with its large round eyes, which protects the spider when it spins its pale web—lets the stars shine over the gloomy feast of the birds.

"But the son of Adam, the intelligent being, the chosen one, who ought to be able to find the good because he has striven for

it, the being who slays his fellow and laughs, horrifies this living immensity, even if his crime be hidden in the depths of the night. And Cain killing Abel stupefies God with horror."

XV. SOLVET SECLUM

S*OLVET seclum*—"The world is falling asunder, the world is perishing": so it runs in the old psalm about the Day of Judgment. *Solvat seclum in favilla*—"The world is perishing in a sea of flames." These words of the Middle Ages, with their prophetic menace, and exhortation, again arouse fear and gloomy forebodings in the minds of men all over the earth. Is it not the *dies iræ*, the day of wrath, of which the Psalm sings, that is now approaching? Is it not the end of the world we are steering for?

In hopeless self-abandonment millions of human beings gaze out into the future, uncertain whether the next day will bring them life or death, victory or the defeat of all they love most. Death alone stalks on, strong and conscious of his powers; he alone is sure of victory. Inexorable, irresistible, inevitable, he strides onwards, and where he dances his mournful dance amongst the endless ranks of

the armies with their millions of men, hecatomb follows upon hecatomb. He demands victims from all classes of society; as he hastens past, he takes high and low, rich and poor, useful and useless, famous and obscure.

And in the steps of death follow all kinds of sickness and disease, grief and sorrow, all the misfortune, mourning, and misery. Towns are ravaged and plundered; great countries are devastated; whole populations are driven from house and home and perish miserably on the roads or lead a sorry existence amongst strangers. Fruitful districts are undermined by trenches; the fields are watered with blood and ploughed by exploding shells. Enormous machines methodically murder the strongest of the young men or mutilate them for the whole of their life.

Everywhere the same hopeless misery. The barbarism of war fills not only the earth but also the air and the sea. Airships, swift as lightning, hurl bombs from the skies on unfortified towns. Hospital ships which have been proclaimed inviolable, peaceable merchant vessels, neutral passenger steamers, are sent to the bottom without warning; and when

the fishermen haul in their nets in the North Sea or the Cattegat, they catch drifting bodies instead of fish.

Men deliberately destroy what men have created and guarded for long ages. The work of destruction proceeds uninterruptedly in all spheres, both the material and the intellectual. Wherever we turn our eyes there meets our gaze the same horrible sight of ruins, amidst which hate grows in poisonous, luxuriant growth. To give a slight idea of some of the great cultural values which the war has already destroyed, I have elected to describe the conditions, as they now are, within the narrow circle of the philologists and historians of the belligerent countries. And from this small sphere conclusions can be drawn as to the general state of affairs.

Shortly after the last Franco-German War of 1870-71, was concluded, two young, but already renowned, French scholars, Gaston Paris and Paul Meyer, founded a new periodical entitled *Romania*. It was to deal with the development of the Romance languages and the civilization of the Romance peoples, and it soon became one of the most celebrated

scientific periodicals in Europe. Its importance was not only scientific but also political, since it helped considerably to further and to hasten the reconciliation of French with German scholars. Even the numbers of the early years contain contributions from Germany's two famous Romance scholars, Hugo Schüchardt and Adolf Tobler, and later on the number of German collaborators was greatly increased. In addition the editors saw to it that each number contained notices of, and extracts from, German books and periodicals. Co-operation between the students of Romance philology on either side of the Rhine was therefore soon set going again, and the beginning thus made soon influenced other spheres with all the force of an excellent example. There was, moreover, the irresistibly fascinating power which Gaston Paris possessed; he was a born leader, an inspiring teacher, and every year German pupils, both old professors and young students, flocked to hear him.

All his life Gaston Paris laboured to heal the wounds made by war and to bring about a harmonious understanding between French

and German thought. He likewise sought to create in the sphere of Romance studies a sort of international brotherhood. And his efforts were gloriously successful.

On March 12, 1903, his body left the Collège de France, and he was interred amidst many tokens of esteem from his own and other countries; and on the evening of the same day some of his pupils, both French and foreign, came together and decided to found an international scientific society of friends, a *Société amicale Gaston Paris*. The plan was warmly supported; the society was formed and found members in all civilized countries throughout the world.

This society was like a realization of the youthful dreams of Gaston Paris. In the lecture, afterwards so famous, delivered by him at the Collège de France in December, 1870, when the German armies had enclosed Paris in an iron ring, he spoke with enthusiasm about science, which everywhere in the world only pursues the same object, the recognition of the truth, and which therefore, more than anything else, ought to be able to unite men in one great common country, which raises

itself above the many different and very limited nationalities whose inclinations towards one another are so often hostile—a common country, which no war can defile, no conqueror menace, where the soul can find quiet and security as in the *civitas Dei*, the “city of God,” of which pious souls dreamed in the early Middle Ages.

The international society which bore the name of Gaston Paris had become something approaching such a *civitas Dei*. Now the society is dissolved, and some of its members confront one another as irreconcilable enemies. What has happened in this sphere has happened in many others. French and German, Italian and Austrian scholars, who formerly lived on the best of terms, now pursue one another with bitter hatred. All bonds arising from common interests, all bonds of friendship, are sundered. The whole is cheerless and chaotic. No one can see a way out, so uncompromisingly does man confront man and one country the other.

As far as France is concerned, the celebrated historian Ernest Lavisse has given his opinion in an article called *Non possumus*

("We cannot"). These are the words of the Bible with which Pope Clement VII refused an appeal from Henry VIII. The same words are uttered now by the most eminent scholars of France in relation to an attempt made in Swiss quarters to create possibilities for a future reconciliation. "We cannot," say Lavissee, Gustave Lanson, A. Morel-Fatio, Emile Picot, and many others; the war has shown that in the two countries there prevail diametrically opposed conceptions of God and humanity. Consequently no reconciliation is possible.

On the German side it seems just as hopeless. Hugo Schuchardt, the great philologist, whose excellent and suggestive contributions to other questions of the hour I have several times had occasion to mention, has issued a little pamphlet called *Aus dem Herzen eines Romanisten*, which is sold for the benefit of the Austrian army corps fighting against Italy.

This pamphlet is a farewell, filled with emotion, to Italy. Schuchardt has loved this country from his earliest youth, is united to it by innumerable bonds of friendship, and knows its language as no one else does. But

he has now severed all connexion with it in the most uncompromising terms. He begins his pamphlet with the following words: "Forty years ago I wrote in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, 'If England were to sink into the ocean it would be a great loss to us; but should we not feel it far more bitterly if one day from the southern slopes of the Alps we viewed nothing but a desolate and cheerless expanse of water?' This bitter loss, the bitterest of all, we feel now; for us Italy has sunk into the sea—I mean the land where the lemon-tree blossoms."

And Italy is now for Schuchardt a closed land in such a degree that he further on exclaims with a sigh: "It will be impossible for us to take example by those Europeans who disguise themselves as Moslems in order to be able to visit the holy places of Islam." Schuchardt here betrays his innermost feelings almost against his will. What a profound love of Italy speaks from his words! For Schuchardt, as for many others, Italy is the Holy Land, but now and for ever all entrance is forbidden him.

Schuchardt ends his pamphlet with a quota-

tion from a tragedy by Metastasio, in which Dido says to Æneas, "The torch is extinguished, the bond is rent asunder—and I now scarcely remember thy name." In complete agreement with the feelings here expressed, Schuchardt had sent to the *Tagespost* at Graz, immediately after the opening of hostilities, a communication, which was published on May 24, 1915, and ran as follows: "Instead of sending a wreath to the Italian people I once loved so warmly and now mourn over so profoundly, I forward herewith 300 kronen for our War Fund."

The thoughts and feelings of Schuchardt are everywhere shared in Austria and Germany. I will quote one typical opinion. G. Dehio, the distinguished authority on the history of art, published an article against Italy in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* for May 30. He concludes with the following words: "It must be so. On the Piazza della Signoria at Florence, on the Square of St. Mark at Venice, we have no business in future, quite irrespective of whether we come out of this war as victors or as vanquished."

To try and mediate between Austrians and

Germans on the one hand, and Italians and French on the other, is a thankless task which only leads to trouble; unfortunately, I know it by painful experience. All mutual understanding is ~~out~~ of the question. They see nothing but that they are in the right and their antagonists in the wrong. And he who is not with them is against them.

Let me now quote a striking example of how differently the same historical conditions are mirrored, according as the observer belongs to the one or to the other nation. It is Austria which is in question: the peculiar nature of the country from the point of view of nationality and its right to exist.

Antoine Meillet, the greatest philologist in France, writes: "As regards Austria, everybody knows that it is not a nation, but a union of the countries which are subject to the crown of the Habsburgs, where a bureaucracy, chiefly German, represses the demands and hopes of the Czechs, Ruthenians, Slovenians, and Italians, though without being able to develop in these peoples a really new national life."

Hugo Schuchardt writes : " Our monarchy is something unique in political geography, not only as a venerable relic of the past, but also as a joyful symbol of the future ; it is, since the union of all peoples in one fraternity is the highest and final goal for all our endeavours, an experimental station on the grand scale." , "

One would hardly believe that it was the same country to which the two writers were referring, so uncompromisingly is opinion opposed to opinion in every sphere. The French revile the Germans, and the Germans reply with all their heart. Hugo Schuchardt expresses himself as follows : " The Latins are, if we look at the mainspring, men of words ; the Germans are men of facts : with us the fact is most important ; with the others, words. We esteem the true and the good, even if it is clad in rags ; the others gold or purple, even if it covers the worthless or nothing at all." When a Schuchardt can let himself be so carried away as to make such an unjust generalization, one must not be surprised at the absolute confusion of ideas which may be

observed in many smaller minds and which has found expression in the most tasteless forms.

Where is the Gaston Paris now, we wonder, who after the war can effectuate a reconciliation between the nations? Will he ever come? One has reason to doubt it. And yet one cannot abandon the hope that dawn will come once more. Many seeds have already been sown, and they will not all decay in the ground. Both the Swiss appeal from I. Häberlin and G. de Reynold, and the activities of the *Neues Vaterland* in Germany and the international *Fraternitas medicorum* will set manifold thoughts and feelings in motion and guide them towards the definite goal of reconciling and healing, of constructing amongst men a new *civitas Dei* which no war can defile. For war is the gigantic crime, the barbarism destructive of civilization, which men must gradually be taught to hate and despise and be ashamed of. The coming generation must learn that murder and incendiarism, plundering and violation, are crimes of the very lowest kind, and that they become still more contemptible and

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repulsive when they are carried out in uniform and by order.

Solvat seclum—"The old world is perishing"; but, as Leconte de Lisle says in his powerful paraphrase of these words about the Day of Judgment, its impure dross shall fertilize the furrows, where the new world is already germinating.

